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WYOMING TERRITORY.—THE SIOUX WAR.—A CROW WARRIOR IN GENERAL CROOK'S COMMAND "CRYING FOR SCALPS," JUNE 15TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES ST. G. STANLEY.—SEE PAGE 406.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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OUR POLITICAL FUTURE.

THE most intelligent of Britons, when they visit this country, betray an amusing, and often an astounding, degree of ignorance of our political system, as well as of our social habits. Men with whose names and productions Americans of all classes are thoroughly familiar seem never to have thought it worth their while to learn anything about their friends and admirers on this side of the Atlantic. It is a very natural mistake we all make to imagine that the people of whose personality we know so much cannot be altogether ignorant of ourselves. So, when any distinguished Englishman comes here on a visit, he is usually embarrassed on discovering how well he is known, while we are usually offended to discover that we are not known at all. Dickens was amazed and annoyed to find himself ticketed as an old acquaintance, on his first visit here, by people he had never heard of, and whose well-intended politeness he resented as an impertinent familiarity, while we were offended at his haughtiness and ingratitude. The same kind of a mutual mistake has been repeated whenever any British celebrity has come among us, and a remarkable instance of it has just occurred in the case of the eminent scientist, Professor Huxley, who arrived here last week. Professor Huxley's visit is partly for vacation, but chiefly for the purpose of seeing a relative who lives in Tennessee; but it matters not to the greater part of our countrymen what his object may be in coming here: what they want, now that he is here, is an opportunity to see and hear him, and above everything else to know what a person of his eminent ability, and who has been so long regarded as one of the intellectual lights of the century, thinks of us, our country, and our political system. A scientific investigator who has shown so great an interest in mollusks and monkeys, and who is so learned on the subject of evolution, cannot be altogether indifferent to a great people who have become so familiar with his name, at least, and who are willing to regard him as a Gamaliel and to get at his feet and be lectured to by him. But we find to our grief and disgust that he cares not a copper about us, that he knows next to nothing about our political system, and is only desirous of being unmolested, and has made up his mind that when he shall have got through with his private business he will return to England and leave us no wiser than he found us. He did, indeed, take the trouble to go to New Haven to inspect some fossil remains that have been collected there, and on his return from the Southwest he means to take a look at Niagara, and then, after delivering three lectures which he has partly promised to give us on the positive evidences of the truth of evolution, he will return to England.

But notwithstanding the determination of the learned Professor to keep himself to himself, two or three enterprising interviewers did manage to follow him in his retirement and put him through a course of questions and answers, although, to give him his due, it must be allowed that he had the adroitness to get the larger share of answers from his interviewers. The Professor showed how extremely limited his knowledge was of our political institutions by telling his interviewers in one case that England was a better Republic than the United States, and by remarking that the next great question that would divide the East and the West would be the tariff. But he made one remark which showed how altogether incapable he was of discussing the political situation of the country at all, and how imperfectly he grasped the subject of our national future. He said, or, rather, he is reported to have said, that our national strength had not yet been thoroughly

tested, and that we must wait until we had a population of 90,000,000 before we could judge whether our experiment in government were likely to endure. "Wait until you have a vast ignorant vote to deal with," were his impressive words.

But, why should we wait for ninety millions, when we have already a larger population than even England or France, and when the disproportion of ignorant voters is greater than it ever can be again? Every day our population is becoming better educated; the Emancipation Act added to the voting population of the country "a vast ignorant vote," which is constantly becoming enlightened, and the proportion of ignorance is every day lessening rather than increasing. Perhaps after the Professor shall have been here a few weeks he will learn that under our existing system of public schools a vast ignorant voting population is an impossibility in this country. Our ignorant voter is the naturalized immigrant, who is not on the increase at the present.

We have already had our test of strength, and it is not likely to be repeated. The important lesson which it taught, and which other nations should profit by, is that national strength and stability are proportionate to national greatness. A small nation is much more liable to revolutionary movements than a powerful one, and more often also to the attacks of external foes. The security of the British Government is in the enormous growth of its population and wealth, which strengthens its stability, and renders disruption next to impossible. Russia has the largest proportion of ignorant population of any European nation, but the stability of the Empire is rendered certain by its vastness. It would be impossible to foment a revolution in which all its provinces could act in harmony; the larger it becomes, therefore, the more secure it becomes. Bismarck has exhibited his great ability as a statesman by making a consolidated Empire of all the small German States, which are now invulnerable to outside attacks, and secure against internal disruptions. Our own Union is a most striking example of the conservative influence of a vast population having one central government and a community of interests. No section can ever be sufficiently powerful to dismember itself from the great mass that constitutes the Union. If it could not be done when the South and the North were so nearly balanced in point of population and resources, it could never be done again, and there is not the slightest cause to apprehend any danger of another attempt at disunion or revolution. If we are so solid, so well compacted and so impervious to attacks from without and from dissensions within when we are but 45,000,000, we shall be doubly fortified against disruption or dissolution when we shall have grown to 90,000,000. We were but 3,000,000, all told, when our first revolution took place, and we are now 45,000,000. Every year since we entered upon our distinct national existence we have gained in strength. Dismemberment and dissolution were imminent while our population was small and our resources limited, but now neither is possible. Our increase in population is at the rate of 3,500 a day, so that every morning we have just so many more reasons for believing in the perpetuity of the nation and its institutions.

Professor Huxley will probably be impressed by these considerations before he returns to London, for he is one of the men who travel with their eyes open, and we have no doubt that he will be prepared to admit that if we are a strong nation with 45,000,000, we shall be invulnerable long before we have become a nation of 90,000,000.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

THE news from the war centres in the East of Europe continues to be of the most conflicting character. On the same day we are asked to believe that at one and the same place both the Turks and the insurgents have been successful; and the news of to-morrow, equally contradictory, belies the news of to-day. The reports are evidently colored by the channels through which they proceed, and by the interests which they are intended to subserve. Day after day it would seem from some reports as if Russia and Austria were on the point of active interference; and yet there is nothing more certain to the intelligent observer of these events than that the Great Powers, one and all, are resolved to stand aloof, keeping hands off until one or the other of the belligerents is willing to sue for peace.

Whatever blame may be attached to England for her conduct otherwise since an appeal was made to arms, she is entitled to great praise for the course she took in inducing the neighboring Powers to preserve an impartial neutrality. The justice of this course has been amply vindicated by the result. The insurrection is visibly wearing itself out; and while the Servians and the Montenegrins have equally failed to make any successful inroad on Turkish territory, there is every reason to believe that within

a few days the victorious troops of the Sultan will be at the gates of the capitals of both the offending States. Then will be the time for intervention; and there need be no fear that any bloody revenges will be allowed to follow the war. The intervening Powers may differ among themselves as to what arrangements are necessary to make an end of these ever-threatening and frequently recurring troubles; but they will see to it that no unnecessary cruelty is practiced towards the unsuccessful insurgents. This is a great point gained, and we cannot doubt that both victors and vanquished will be more willing to listen to friendly advice after than before the war. The Montenegrins and the Servians have tried to win their independence, and they have failed. They will have no choice, therefore, but to accept the terms which may be offered them. The Porte is little likely to stand too much on its dignity, or to turn a deaf ear to the counsel of friends; for it knows well that its continued power in Europe is tolerated rather than respected.

How different to-day might have been the state or things if either Russia or Austria, or both, had been permitted to interfere and occupy any portion of Turkish territory. There would, undoubtedly, have been a general European war; and what would be the effects of such a war in these disjointed times he would be a bold man who would venture to predict. There are those who would have us believe that from such causes no general war would have arisen. These people take it for granted that France is too weak as yet to make her voice heard in the councils of Europe, and that England has ceased to have any interest in Continental politics. England, they tell us, may speak, may tender advice; but she will not draw the sword. Those who entertain such views make a grand mistake. Russia could do little without the goodwill and co-operation of Germany. In the event of any attempt being made to curtail the power or diminish the territory of the Sultan, Austria is even more interested than Russia; and it is simply absurd to imagine that Germany would calmly look on while those two Powers were cutting and carving and dividing Turkey at will. It is by no means to be excluded from the possibilities that Austria, in the event of a Russian invasion of Turkey, more especially if Russia had the sympathy and support of Germany, would feel herself compelled to look out for other alliances. In such circumstances, concerned for the welfare of her ancient name and reputation in the East, and desirous to reclaim lost territory in Europe, France would find her opportunity; and we are loath to believe that she would recklessly fling it from her. England has made it abundantly plain that while she desires peace, she is not at all unwilling to fight. The Russians in Constantinople, her Indian Empire would be in danger, and her power and prestige in the Mediterranean would be broken. To prevent such a catastrophe, she will put forth all her strength, and, if need be, empty her treasury. Of such a war we can only dimly see the proportions, and imagine the results. Such a war, however, is not for the present to be dreaded; and that it does not now exist, and is not now even probable, we are indebted to those influences which determined the neutrality of the three Empires—Russia, Austria and Germany.

Serious charges have been made against the Turks for their treatment of the Christian populations in the occupied districts. We are unwilling to believe that these reports are true. They are unquestionably exaggerated. The truth, however, cannot be hid. The matter will be fully investigated. If it should turn out that the barbarities of 1825 have been repeated in 1876, it will only hasten the inevitable end. England's sense of justice will triumph over England's interests; even the Holy Father will withdraw his sympathy; and another Crusade, grander and more glorious than any of those of the past, may finally expel the Turk from Europe.

THE MISSISSIPPI QUESTION.

A SIGNIFICANT feature of the past week's Congressional business was the reception of the Mississippi Investigating Committee's report. There is no disguising the fact that the affairs of that commonwealth, if Administration authorities are to be believed, have not been in so healthy a condition of late as could be desired. Lawless conduct has been repeatedly charged against its inflammable population, and at regular intervals the press informs us of the Governor having made "another requisition for United States troops" to repress local disturbances. Ever since the Vicksburg riot, nearly two years ago, the community has, according to the same authority, been in a state of unwholesome excitement, and persecution and murder have been rampant. The question for the Committee to decide

was, as to the responsibility for this anarchical condition of things. On the 7th inst. the Committee reported. Its special business was to "investigate the frauds, violence and intimidation" which were alleged to have prevailed at the last election in that State. Congress was naturally desirous of enlightenment upon a subject which presented so many striking elements as the Mississippi business, comprising, as it did, not fraud, violence, intimidation and murder only, but the ignominious flight of a Governor, himself a man of arms, and a son-in-law of Ben. Butler, and who seems to have been deposed by a refractory constituency with as great ease as the Turks got rid of Abdul-Aziz, and without any of the violence which stained that tragedy. There were two reports, that of the Republican majority being the production of Mr. Boutwell, and that of the minority being presented by Messrs. Bayard and McDonald. Several months will elapse before the testimony upon which these reports are based will be published, and in the meanwhile the public must content itself with making what determination it can out of the opposite conclusions arrived at by such able men upon identical facts.

Mr. Boutwell's report is mainly a recapitulation of the stories already published of the Vicksburg and Clinton riots, of negro assassinations, and coercive measures in elections. The State of Mississippi, Mr. Boutwell declares, is at present under the control of armed political organizations, whose purpose is to deprive the negroes of the free exercise of their right of suffrage. Through this instrumentality, and by the exercise of fraud and intimidation, the present Legislature of the State was elected, and of course under such irregular circumstances it is not and cannot be a legal body. By similar reasoning Mr. Boutwell shows that the resignation of Governor Ames, having been brought about by this usurping body, is likewise illegal. Mississippi accordingly presents the anomalous position of a State which has a Legislature it has no right to, and is monstrously deprived of the Governor properly pertaining to it. Our readers will do well to bear in mind that the Vicksburg riots occurred nearly two years ago, while the whole State Government was Republican, and that the principal coercion that seems to have been used there was while during that period the State was kept full of Federal troops. Last year, just before the Fall elections, Governor Ames applied, as usual, for soldiers to guard the polls, and the President, acting under some unusually wise impulse, declined to furnish them, in consequence of which the Democratic citizens carried the State, and the ousted Republicans immediately raised the cry of persecution and anarchy. The only remedy which Mr. Boutwell can propose for this unhappy condition of affairs in Mississippi is for the National Government to interfere by denying the representatives elected last Fall their seats in Congress, and in case mild measures of that sort do not suffice to convince the Mississippi Democracy of their error in not supporting Republican candidates, then "to remand the State to a Territorial condition, and through a system of public education and kindred means change the ideas of the inhabitants and reconstruct the Government on a republican basis." If that does not signify coercion of the most oppressive sort, we should like to know what it does mean!

Singularly enough, Messrs. Bayard and McDonald, though enjoying equal facilities with their Republican colleagues, saw nothing of the reign of terror which inspired Mr. Boutwell to advise such heroic remedies. Mr. Bayard shows that when Governor Ames took his seat, in January, 1874, every official in the State was a Republican, and the whole control of the State was in the hands of the Governor and his party associates. All the acts of turbulence of which complaint has been made occurred in sections in which the entire local power was in Republican hands. Just before the election last year the State militia was organized, the officials being among the most notorious and unscrupulous partisans, black and white, of the State administration, many of them unable to read or write. This created naturally great alarm among the white population, and force and bloodshed as the only arbiters of the election were first suggested in a time of profound peace by Governor Ames and his political associates. The people have been victims of misrule, which they have sought in vain to avoid or remedy until they were allowed to express their sentiments without hindrance through the ballot-box. Yet, notwithstanding their success in the last election, Mr. Bayard declares that not a single case came before his observation of a voter being obstructed because of his being a colored man, while the reformation in legislation and administration in Mississippi by the party in control since January, 1876, has been important, and marked with great benefits to the entire community.

In view of all the circumstances, and in the absence of the testimony on which

these directly opposite reports are based, we are compelled to give our credence to that of Mr. Bayard, as presenting presumably the most unbiased and correct view of the present status of Mississippi. It is notorious that even General Grant refused to regard that State as being in an anarchical condition last Fall, when he refused the frantic appeal of Ames for troops just prior to the election, and until Mr. Boutwell's report the public have had no reason for supposing that anything resembling a reign of terror prevailed there. Mr. Boutwell's report is, we apprehend, a portion of the Republican scheme for carrying the next Presidential election by reviving sectional animosities with the old "bloody shirt" war-cry—with a view to disfranchising the Southern whites and throwing the control of the Southern States into the hands of the carpetbaggers. Such methods are deplorably ill-advised, and cannot be too strongly deprecated in the present serious condition of the South, which can ill afford to be tampered with for electioneering purposes. It is a notorious fact, which these "bloody shirt" reformers will do well to take heed of, that all the actual uproar and violence that go regularly to furnish campaign material for the Republicans arise in those States in which the negro influence predominates, while wherever the whites are in a majority peace and order prevail. This Mississippi matter is the opening shot of the campaign, and probably before long we shall be greeted with a volley of the same sort all along the line. It is the climax of what Mr. Tilden stigmatizes as "the systematic and insupportable misgovernment imposed upon the States of the South" by the Republican Party.

MUSEUMS AND EXHIBITIONS.

MUSEUMS are the natural outgrowth of exhibitions—the one is the seed, the other the ripe fruit. The success of the first great Exhibition of London in 1851 was such as to raise up many imitators in other countries, and as the museums of all countries have been enriched at the expense of the exhibitions, great good has come of the original enterprise. There is considerable overlapping and unconscious clashing of interests in the organizations of temporary exhibitions and permanent museums. In view of the interest which now attaches to the whole subject, it may be well to define the scope of each, and point out how both can be made the most subservient to the public good. Exhibitions are intended, as the French would say, to make an exposition, or public display, of the products of a country, whether resulting from the engine, the loom, the mine, or the soil. It is a hasty taking account of stock, and a public show of samples. The original idea was simply a fair for the display of goods intended to be sold. They finally became monster bazaars, designed to compete with the established channels of trade, and there was much jostling and pushing for such premiums and awards as would serve as advertisements in the great commercial marts of the world. While thus the idea of driving good bargains was often apparent in early exhibitions, it cannot be denied that great stimulus to the manufacturing interests of all countries resulted, from the opportunity to compare and learn that so large a display afforded. The manufacturer found out where the good things were made in his line, and he was naturally stimulated to produce the best work in his power.

The idea of trade cannot easily be dissociated from exhibitions. Perhaps nothing ought to be shown which is not for sale, and whenever any product is introduced by way of illustrating the historical growth of an art, it is generally borrowed from a museum, or properly belongs to some permanent collection. It would certainly be unwise to exclude historical articles; at the same time it cannot be denied that they do not legitimately belong there. The exhibition is intended to tell the present condition of the world's progress, and not to indulge in any recriminations on the past. Comparisons are always odious, and yet there is so much gratification to our vanity, that we cannot resist the temptation to introduce some imperfect product of the past for the purpose of proving our own superiority over what our ancestors could accomplish. Specimens intended to illustrate the history of the arts are full of interest and are always instructive. There was no part of the Paris Exposition of 1867 which was more popular and more useful than the gallery devoted to the history of labor. It was always thronged, and the articles shown were eagerly studied, but nearly everything in it was brought from a museum, or found a resting-place in a museum after the Exhibition was over. The display of antiques was incidental to the real objects the Commissioners had in view. In going through the various departments of the Centennial, we see that heterogeneous notions prevail, and that the three ideas of a fair, an exhibition and a museum have actuated different contributors to send in their wares. Some can see

nothing but a bazaar for the display of goods on sale; others take a more enlarged view, and look upon it as an opportunity to show what can be done in the present condition of the world's progress in the arts and sciences; and a third class would make a museum of the place, and only display such things as excite idle curiosity, but have no positive use at the present age. This trinity of ideas runs through the whole undertaking, and gives to it very great interest, even if it is not severely orthodox in the opinion of the very learned. While the Exhibition is going forward, it becomes the duty of enlightened citizens to seek out such things as ought to be preserved in permanent museums. In order that the influence of the Centennial may be lasting, many things must be put aside for such study and comparison as require time, and they must also be made available to future generations. Now is the time to lay the foundations of museums for the people. Not mere collections of worthless articles, but storehouses of useful inventions, and of objects which will serve for the study of teachers and scholars for all time. Many writers have endeavored to express what in their opinion was the most important result obtained by the great Exhibition of 1851—they have sketched in glowing language the influence of the Exhibition upon the manufactures, intelligence, and commerce of the country, and they were gratified at the pecuniary success of the undertaking; but they generally overlook the great practical result growing out of Prince Albert's grand scheme, namely, the foundation of the Kensington Museum. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this museum as an agent in elevating the character of the English people. The exhibitions have come and gone, and have left their impress, no doubt often permanent, but there is nothing that tells the story, and keeps on telling it to all future ages, to compare with the permanent collections of the Kensington Museum. The museum is a perpetual reminder of the defects and the triumphs of science and art. It is always open for study, and every facility is extended to those who wish to learn—and its treasures are used by a constantly increasing concourse of visitors. It is not an exhibition, it is a museum, and is the most useful of institutions. Out of our Centennial ought to grow just such a museum. The thousands of articles which have been brought to Philadelphia at great trouble and expense ought to be secured and placed where our people can obtain access to them at all times. There are enough specimens to supply several cities, and the good work once begun would be likely to flourish under the pleasant rivalry that would spring up in various localities. Philadelphia has already made an excellent beginning. Boston is not far behind. New York has its Museum of Natural History and its Metropolitan Museum of Art. Other cities have made a beginning, and now is the time for a great union of effort to make all of the museums in all of the cities permanent depositories of the relics and products of all kinds that have sprung up like mushrooms in the Centennial excitement, and are likely to disappear entirely from view unless secured while yet there is time. Everybody takes kindly to fairs. We shall all go to the Exhibition, but only the most intelligent and patriotic look into the future and desire to perpetuate the good work; and the way to perpetuate it is to found Museums, and the proper time to begin is while the Exhibition is still in operation. We think that we have made it sufficiently clear that the Exhibition is one thing and a Museum another—the first is transitory, the latter is permanent; the one is now under full headway—the foundations of the other ought to be laid at once. We shall thus have something growing out of the anniversary that will prove of lasting benefit to our country and hand down the present age to the gratitude of future generations. "Centennial Museums" ought to be established in all large cities, and, as the name does not limit the objects for which they are created, the whole world may properly be brought under contribution to furnish them with treasures. Everything known to man can there find a resting-place and some one to care for it, and certainly some one to study it.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST, 12 1876.

Monday.....112½ @ 111½	Thursday....111½ @ 111½
Tuesday.....111½ @ 111½	Friday.....111½
Wednesday...111½	Saturday....111½

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

ANOTHER VERSION.—The notorious letter of Attorney General Pierpont to district attorneys, which made so great a noise last Spring, is thus accounted for by some of the President's friends. They say that the President, having asked the District Attorney at Chicago for information concerning the circumstances which had led him to grant immunity to certain persons concerned in fraudulent whisky transactions, received a reply that

these things had been done by the subordinates of the District Attorney, and he had left the matter to their judgment and did not know the circumstances. On this, it is said, the President said to Mr. Pierpont that the answer was unsatisfactory; that the District Attorney was responsible for all that was done in his office, and that he desired Judge Pierpont to write him a letter to that effect, holding him to his responsibility. Mr. Pierpont replied that it would be embarrassing to write such a personal letter, but that he would write a general and circular letter to all the district attorneys, which would, of course, include the one at Chicago, and thus save his feelings while enforcing upon him his duty; and thus, it is asserted, the notorious letter was written, not at the suggestion of the President, as Mr. Pierpont has said in his evidence before the Judiciary Committee, but on his own motion.

INDIAN SCOUTS.—General Sherman, some time ago, asked that Congress would authorize the use of Indian scouts during the present war to the number of 1,000. There was a law to this effect, but the number was reduced before Indian hostilities began to 300. The Senate has passed an amendment to the Army Bill, in accordance with General Sherman's request, and the House Military Committee has agreed to it. True economy would have led to a law authorizing the enlistment of Indians as regular troops to as large an extent as soldiers may be needed as a permanent force in the Far West. Many army officers believe that Indians would make excellent regular troops. It is known that the Indians who a year ago were sentenced to confinement in Florida for murders committed on the plains have since been intrusted with guard and sentry duty at the fort where they are kept, and have proved themselves most trustworthy and susceptible of drill and discipline. Experience has demonstrated elsewhere that the regular habits, cleanliness and order to which soldiers are trained are excellent means of civilizing savages. No doubt if the Indian Bureau were transferred to the War Department army officers would soon propose to utilize the Indian braves by enlisting them as soldiers. But the present Indian Bureau prefers to feed and clothe them and keep them in idleness on the reservations because this is more profitable to the Indian Ring.

WORK FOR THE RECESS.—The important Congressional commissions which are to sit during the recess on various subjects will be announced immediately. The first is on the question of reform and reorganization of the army, which it is to carefully and thoroughly examine with reference to the demands of the public service. It includes the number and pay of officers, the rank and duty of staff corps, reductions in the line and staff, the necessities of the service, and the capacity for rapid and effective increase in time of actual war. The commission is to consist of two members of the Senate and two members of the House and two officers of the army, one from the staff corps and one from the line—the latter to be selected by the President with special reference to their knowledge of the organization and experience in service. The commission is to report at the first of the next session. The House will probably concur in the Senate amendment to the resolution for a commission to sit during the recess on the various phases of the financial question, including the remonetization of silver, the resumption of specie payments, etc. This commission is to consist of two members of the Senate and two of the House, who are jointly authorized to call in as a part of the commission such experts, not exceeding two, as they may deem proper. A commission on the part of the House to join one on the part of the Senate is authorized to visit the Pacific Coast during the recess and investigate the question of Chinese immigration.

THE BAIREUTH FESTIVAL.—The grandest musical experiment ever attempted has been brought to a successful issue in the performance at Baireuth, Bavaria, of Wagner's dramatic festival play of "The Ring of the Niebelungen." This composition, which has constituted the life labor of its distinguished writer, is in three parts, each of which considerably exceeds in length of score and depth of purpose an ordinary opera. The prologue entitled, "Rheingold," was performed at Baireuth on Sunday, August 13th, in the presence of an immense and brilliant audience, including the Emperors of Germany and Brazil, and several reigning Grand Dukes, Dukes and Princes; Prince George of Prussia, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia; Abbé Liszt, Miss Anna Vohlig, Miss Minnie Hauck, Nachbauer, Servis, Paul Lindau, several French composers, and many other notabilities. The art and literature of the whole world were represented by eminent people from both continents. Never before was such homage paid to a living composer. The affair was a success in every feature. The spectacular portions are described as having been particularly fine, especially the opening Rhine scene, in which by some novel contrivance lovely nymphs were displayed swimming in the stream. The house was in entire darkness, by which means the illusions on the stage were rendered more perfect. The vocal music, in which the finest voices of Germany participated, was supported by a picked orchestra of one hundred and twelve pieces. The performance was to be continued nightly until the conclusion of the three parts, which it was expected would be on the night of the 16th of August.

THE QUEEN'S CUP.—England has again attempted to repossess herself of the Queen's Cup which, in 1851, was carried away from the Royal Yacht Club by the *America*—and England has again failed. The *Countess of Dufferin*, a handsome schooner built in Canada, arrived at New York about the time of the *Mohawk* catastrophe, with the avowed purpose of winning back the prize. As in the case of the *Ticonderoga*, the English vessel repudiated the notion of competing with the whole fleet of American yachts—which, however, was the way in which the *America* won the cup at Cowes—and requested to be matched against some one vessel which should represent the whole. The *Madeline*, of the New York Yacht Club, was selected as the

American champion, and the propriety of the selection was quickly made apparent in the easy way in which she overcame her opponent in two set races—the arrangement being that the best two out of three should decide the contest. On Friday, August 11th, the course was in New York Bay, around the circuit usually traversed by our Spring and Fall regattas, and the *Madeline* won the honors of the day with ease. On the following day the course was a twenty miles windward beat to sea from Sandy Hook and return, and the *Madeline* won by 27 minutes and 14 seconds, making the trip in 7 hours, 19 minutes and 47 seconds. The Cup, accordingly, is still the property of the New York Yacht Club. The general opinion of the members of the club is that it will be returned to the gentlemen who gave it to the club, requesting them to make out a new deed of gift, less ambiguous than the present deed, which does not state specifically whether it shall be contested for by a single yacht against an individual yacht, or a single yacht against a fleet. At present there is a difference of opinion among the club members, and the question is an open one.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL BUTLER accepted a proffered nomination for Congress.

THE double-scutt race of Saratoga was won by the Union Springs crew.

PROFESSOR PETERS discovered a new planet of the eleventh magnitude.

GOVERNOR PORTER, of Tennessee, was renominated by the Democratic Convention.

W. L. WEBBER was nominated for Governor of Michigan by the Democratic State Convention.

EARL and COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN reached San Francisco en route to British Columbia.

THE Trustees of Cornell University agreed to advance \$1,100 to the boat club as a temporary loan.

THE first wire of the East River Bridge was stretched from tower to tower on the morning of the 14th.

AUGUST 20TH was designated as the day for holding the New York State Democratic Convention at Saratoga.

THE Republican State Convention of Missouri nominated George A. Friekeberg, of St. Louis, for Governor.

MR. BLAINE appeared at the Congressional Convention at Augusta, Me., and made the first speech since his illness.

A NEW fort is to be built at once at the mouth of Tongue River, and a second one will be constructed next year on the Big Horn.

DANIEL O'LEARY, the Chicago pedestrian, walked 500 miles in six days at the American Institute Building, New York city.

JAMES G. HILL, for many years connected with the Treasury Department, was appointed Supervising Architect, to succeed Mr. Potter.

THE House Committee on Louisiana Federal offices recommended suits against Collector Casey to recover money misappropriated.

CARL BERGMAN, for many years leader of the Philharmonic and Arion Singing Societies of New York, died at the German Hospital on the 10th, aged 55.

PRESIDENT GRANT sent a message to both branches of Congress asking authority to call for volunteers for the Indian war if a contingency should arise.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, of Cincinnati, published a letter to the public saying that the Catholic bishops and clergy have no intention of interfering with the public school system.

SUITS against the Speaker of the House of Representatives and the members of the Real Estate Pool Committee who voted for his incarceration were instituted by Hallett Kelbourn for false imprisonment.

FREEBOOTER, Susquehanna, Vigil and Osage won the Saratoga races on the 8th, and Piccolo, Brother to Harry Bassett, and Arcurus, on the 10th. At the Lake, the Northwesterns won the four-oared race, and Mr. Riley the single-scutt.

Foreign.

THE Sultan was reported recovering rapidly.

SAITSCHAR was occupied by the Turks on the 5th, after a stubborn fight.

MR. DISRAELI is to be elevated to the peerage with the title of Earl of Beaconsfield.

THE first part of Wagner's great musical drama was performed at Baireuth on the 13th.

M. DUFAURE, President of French Council and Minister of Justice, was elected a life senator.

GENERAL BOISROUD CANAL was inaugurated as President of the Republic of Hayti on the 18th ult.

JOHN WALTON, the alleged forger, who was arrested in Paris and extradited to London, was released.

M. GORTSCHAKOFF, Russian Minister to Switzerland, was fired upon at Berne by a lady, but escaped unhurt.

THE Princess of Serbia called for volunteers for a legion to bear her name, and a large number of foreigners responded.

THE French Municipal Bill passed the Senate, by 186 to 90, and was adopted by the Deputies without discussion.

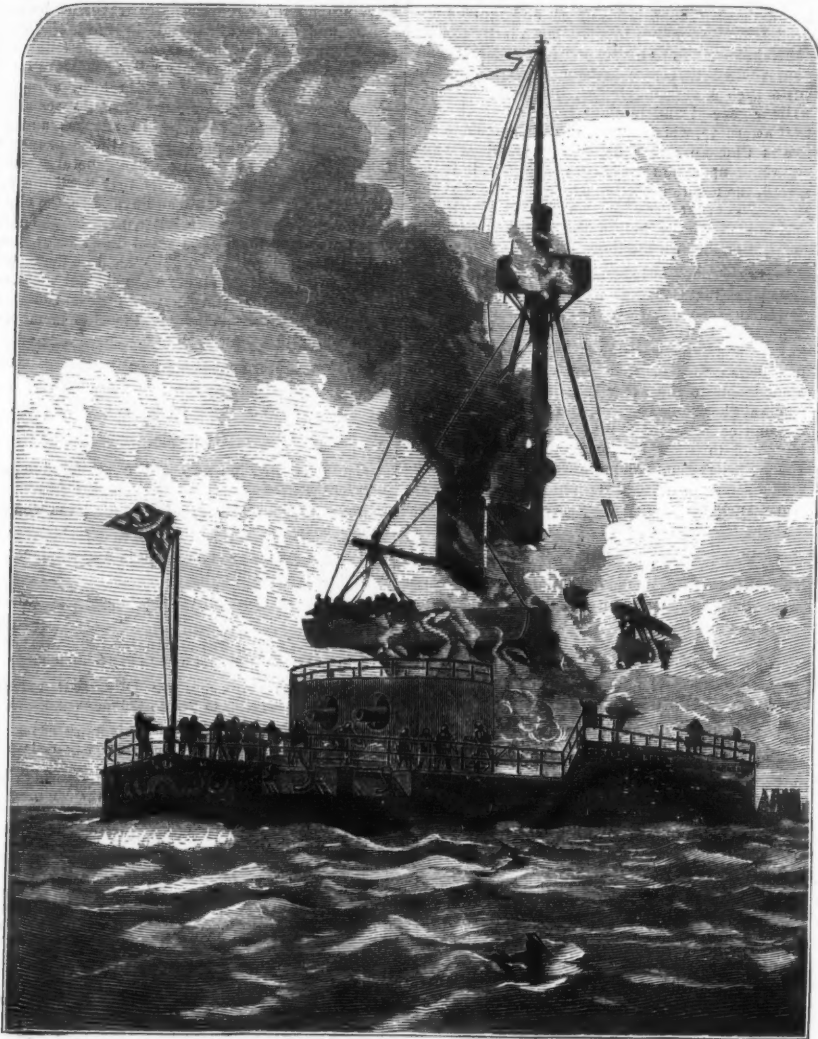
SUBSCRIPTIONS will be opened in Paris to a fund to establish a new cable between that city and New York.

DISCUSSION on the extradition question was postponed in the British House of Commons until the next Parliament.

TURKEY agreed to admit the intervention of the Powers in the case of Montenegro, but would not do so in that of Serbia.

An insurrection broke out in the Cibao provinces, in the northern part of the Dominican Republic, occasioned by native jealousy of Cuban emigrants.

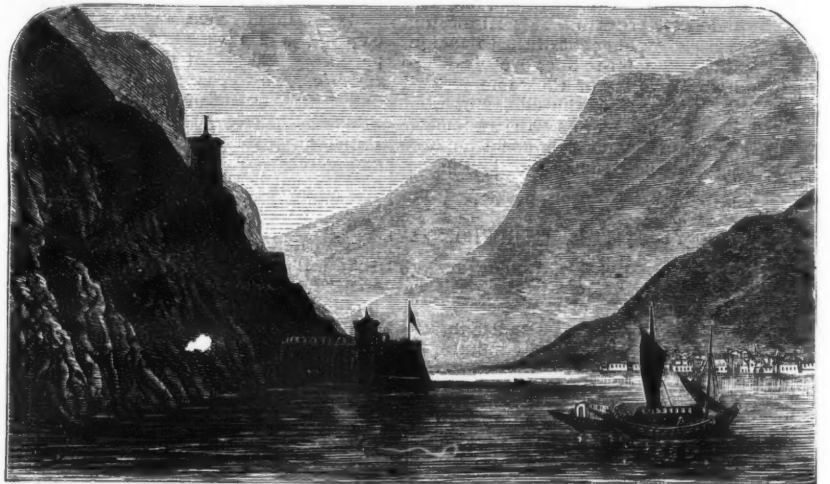
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 407.



ENGLAND.—EXPLOSION ON H.M.S. "THUNDERER," AT SPITHEAD.



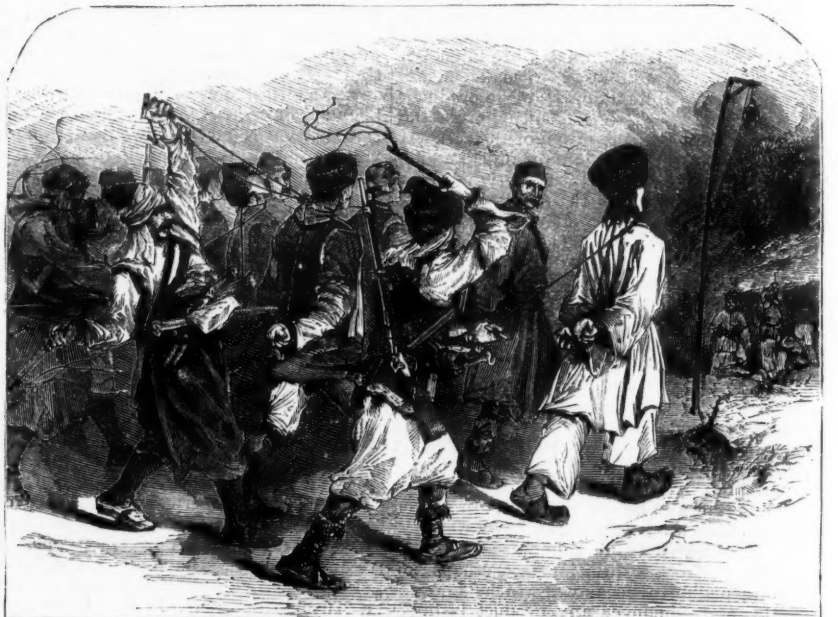
ENGLAND.—THE BRAVO MYSTERY IN THE CORONER'S COURT.



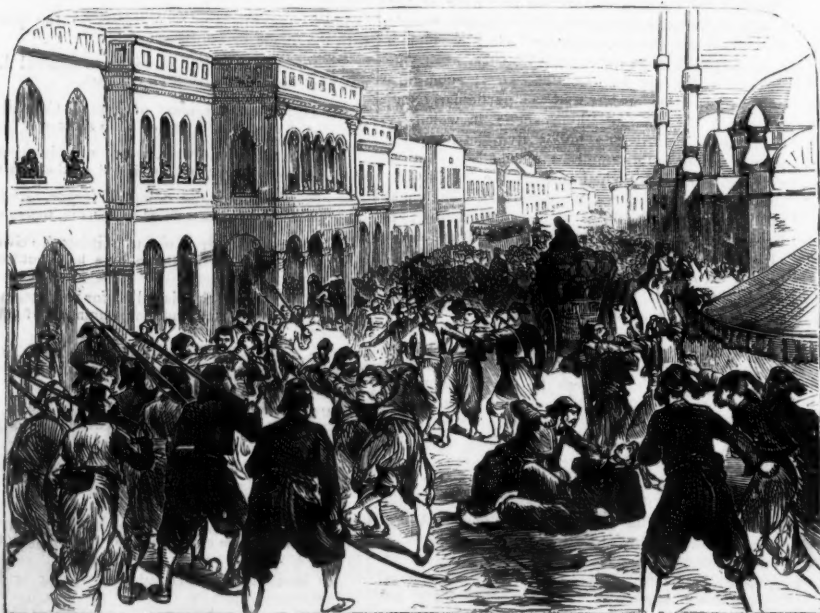
TURKEY.—FORT ELIZABETH ON THE DANUBE FRONTIER OF SERVIA.



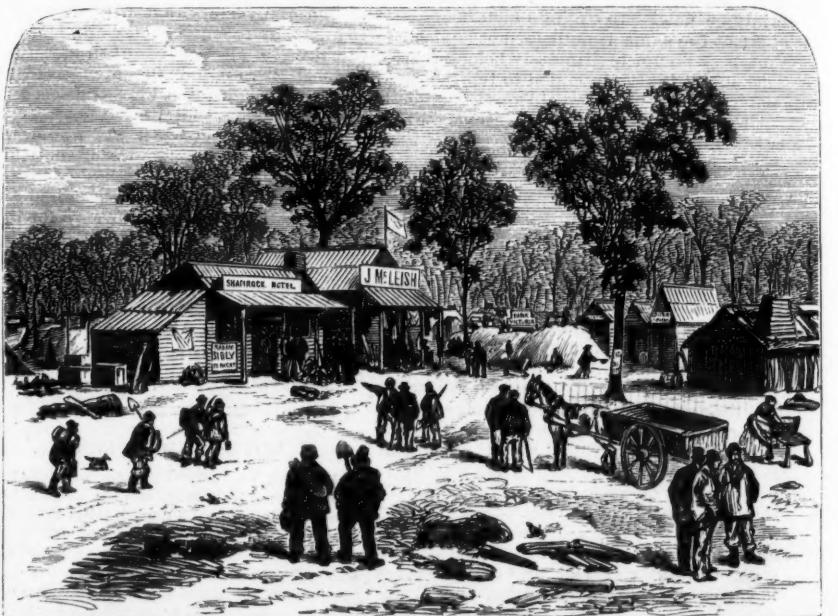
AUSTRALIA.—A TRAIN ON THE TASMANIAN RAILWAY RUNNING INTO A "MOB" OF WILD HORSES.



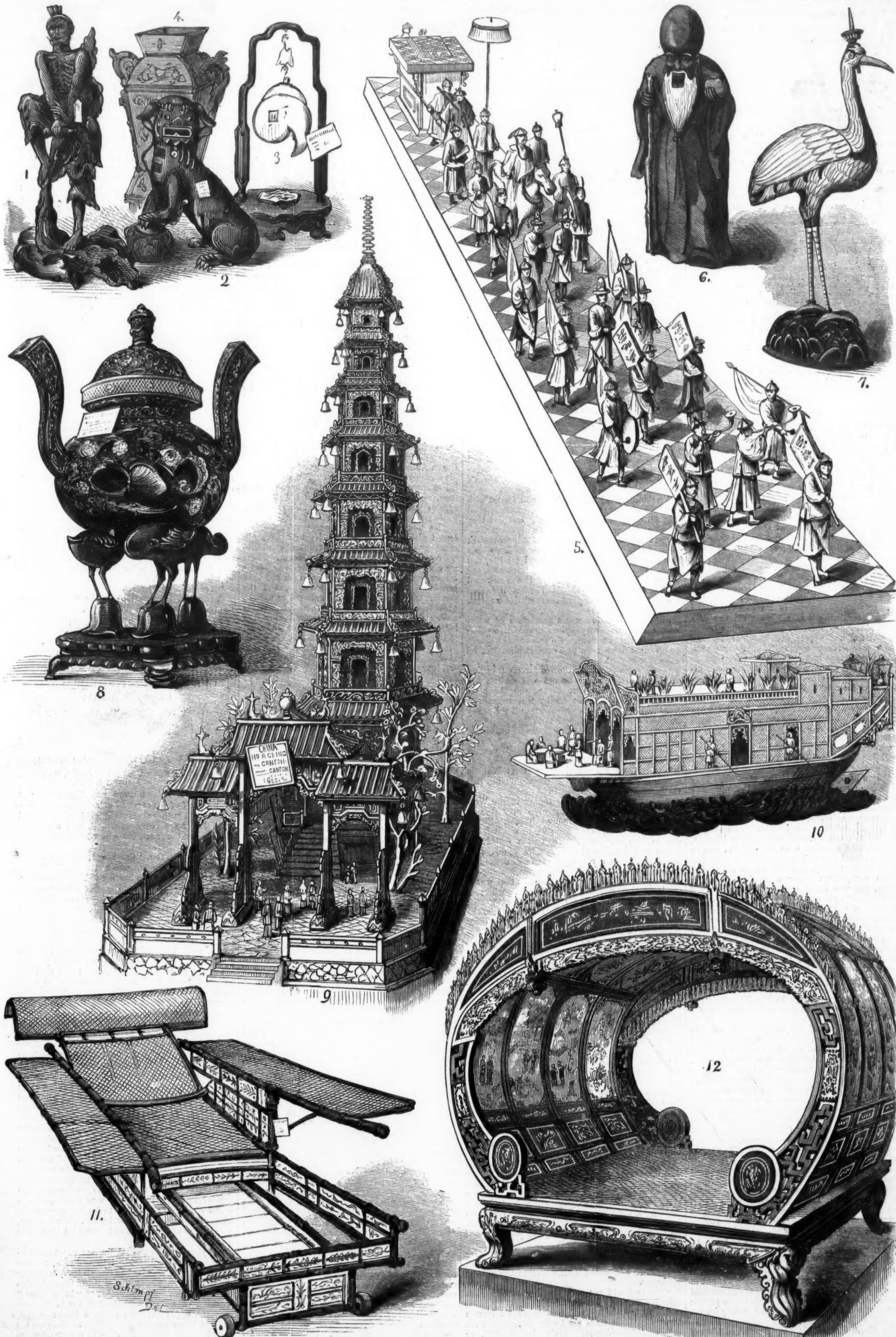
TURKEY.—BULGARIAN CAPTIVES BEING DRIVEN TO LABOR ON THE TURKISH FORTIFICATIONS.



TURKEY.—STREET RIOT BETWEEN TURKISH GENDARMES AND CHRISTIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



AUSTRALIA.—THE RUSH AT THE NEW GOLD FIELD AT OPOSSUM HILL.



1. Ironwood Man. 2. Bronze Dog. 3. Bronze Teapot. 4. Vase. 5. Mandarin Procession. 6. Priest. 7. Stork. 8. Bronze Vase. 9. Ivory Pagoda. 10. Flower Boat. 11. Bamboo Chair. 12. Carved Bedstead.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—CURIOSITIES IN THE CHINESE DEPARTMENT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 411

THE OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

ON the old school-book, in its dusty nook,
With a tearful eye I gaze;
Come down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend
In talking of by-gone days.
I gaze once more, as in days of yore,
On the task that vexed the brain;
The lesson done, and victory won,
And I feel I'm a child again.

And I seem to stand with the youthful band
In the old house on the green;
I hear the fun ere the school began,
And I join in the glad some scene.
I take my place, with a sober face,
O'er the well-carved desk I bend,
And hourly pore o'er the antique lore
Of thy wonderful page, old friend.

Then our cares were few, and our friends were true,
And our griefs were rare and light;
The world was naught (so we fondly thought)
But a region of pure delight.
But time has sped, and our path has led
Through the dark and tearful scene;
And passed away are the good and gay,
Like the old house on the green.

But we'll sing no more of the days of yore,
For the tear-drop dims the eye.
Sleep on, old book, in thy dusty nook,
As in years that have glided by.
No guilt we trace in thy honest face,
But a mine of gold within
Enriched the youth, as they sought for truth,
In the old house on the green.

SEBASTIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Sir Jasper Lydford came home from the grand tour, he brought with him, besides a large and various collection of cameos, intaglios, mosaics, and other trumpery palmed upon him by astute foreign traders, two living treasures, of which he was justly proud. The first was Florio Benoni, his Italian valet; the second was Sebastian, his favorite dog—an animal of the true St. Bernard breed, purchased by Sir Jasper at the hospital in the mountains, where he had spent a night with much satisfaction to himself and the monks, whose courtesies he had acknowledged with becoming liberality.

Sir Jasper was a fourth baronet of a good old Somersetshire family, and the owner of a fine estate between Porlock and Wiveliscomb. It is just a century ago since he finished his stately perambulation of Europe in his own coach, and crossed from Antwerp in a clumsy old tub of a vessel, after four years' slow and industrious travel. He was five and twenty, and had been his own master ever since he attained his majority; until which happy event he had been under the tutelage of two guardians and the Court of Chancery; his father and mother having been swept off by a malignant fever at their house in Brook Street when Jasper was still in petticoats. Fever used to walk in high places in those days, as any one may discover who reads Horace Walpole's letters, and marks how often he records the sudden desolation wrought in noble families by this fell destroyer.

Sir Jasper Lydford was essentially a fine gentleman, and belonged to a period when fine gentlemen were of a somewhat loftier mold than they pretend to nowadays. The macaroni of Walpole's time aspired to be thought a wit; he cultivated belles lettres, dabbled a little with art, professed no weariness of earth, sun and moon, but rather affected a kindly interest in that creation which lay, like the brutes round Orpheus, at his feet, charmed into submission by his splendid graces. He was liberal to lavishness; devoted a good deal of his leisure to play, and lost his money with a superb tranquility; swore a good deal, drank deeply, but was never seen intoxicated; turned night into day, yet contrived to exhibit himself in the sunshine when fashion demanded the sacrifice; flattered women with the homage of a devotee; and broke their hearts with a gentleman-like placidity. "After me the deluge," was his motto; and when he saw the deluge coming he generally shot himself or cut his throat, to the surprise of his friends and his valet, and the despair of his creditors. He had neither religion nor principles; but he danced exquisitely, was a perfect swordsman, contributed dainty verses to *The Wreath* or *The Casket*, and now and then wrote an essay for *The World*.

Sir Jasper Lydford had not yet developed into this splendid creature. He was still in the bud; his petals were not yet unfolded; but he promised well, and Florio, his valet was training him. Florio was a grave person of middle age, who had trained more than one fine gentleman of the British nation. He was with Lord Minehead when that unfortunate nobleman blew out his brains at Florence in consequence of some gambling transaction; and he had gone straight from his master's grave to the service of Sir Jasper Lydford, who thought himself fortunate to obtain such a treasure. Florio had traveled all over the world—the polite world, that is to say—from the quaint old palaces of the Hague to the new-built splendors of St. Petersburg. He was a most accomplished person, spoke four languages, quoted Horace and Catullus, and read Machiavelli for his own delectation. He possessed an imperturbable temper, and could be sworn at with impunity, although so superior a person. Insult or contumely seemed hardly to touch him—as if he belonged to a loftier region than the fopling who spurned him. He was serious and silent; performing all his duties with a wondrous ease and precision, and seeming to take as much delight in arraying his master in the gorgeous and graceful fashion of the day as a painter feels in the picture that grows and glows into life and beauty on his canvass.

To Florio Benoni Sir Jasper attached himself with as near an approach to friendship as a fine gentleman could possibly feel for his paid attend-

ant. When he was laid up with ague in Venice, Florio nursed him, and read to him, and played piquet with him; when he was near death with a tertian fever at Vienna, Florio brought him round. Florio could write his letters—in a small cramped Italian hand, certainly, but with perfect propriety of language. Florio paid his bills, and would not allow him to be cheated by those Continental barpies who deem a young Englishman traveling in his own coach their especial prey.

Yes, Sir Jasper was really attached to Florio Benoni; but he did not love him so well as that four-footed friend, Sebastian. There was a nearer approach to equality between the fine gentleman and his dog, than between the fine gentleman and his valet. Sebastian was Sir Jasper's playfellow and companion. At night he lay on the threshold of the door between his master's bedchamber and dressing-room. He was a brute of marvelous intelligence—a huge and powerful animal, black as Erebus, save for a little fringe of white about his eyes, and one white spot at the end of his massive tail. Sir Jasper had a suspicion that the dog understood the human tongue. He was a very watchful beast, and his slumbers were of the lightest.

There was no den of thieves, however vile, that Sir Jasper would have feared to enter with Sebastian at his heels. Not a dog to be cajoled by the enemy, or to be bribed by poisonous meats. A dog to make burglars shake in their list slippers.

Sir Jasper spent a season in London, mixed in the most polite society, fought a duel, entangled himself in two or three flirtations, but kept tolerably heartwhole; played high, and was unlucky in his cards. So adverse was fortune, that when the London season was over Sir Jasper had overdrawn his banking account, and was fain to post down to Lydford Manor to see what could be got in the way of rents. His estate was managed by a land-steward—a solicitor in a small way at Wiveliscomb, who lived upon this stewardship, like his father before him.

"Florio," said the baronet, "we must go down to my place in Somersetshire. It's a dismal old dungeon, I know, though I don't remember much about it. I've not been there since I was a youngster."

Florio shrugged his shoulders and smiled with that gravely, courteous air of his, which implied that all places were alike to him, provided they were but pleasing or convenient to his master.

But in plain truth it was somewhat inconvenient to Benoni to be carried away thus suddenly from the metropolis. He, too, had lived his life, and courted the blind goddess, and had his schemes, and speculations, and entanglements. It was awkward in the extreme to have his London life thus brought to a close—snapped short off like a thread cut by the fatal shears.

Sir Jasper Lydford was a gentleman of warm temper and great energy—prone to sudden impulses and unconsidered actions. No sooner had he made up his mind to go down to Somersetshire than he was eager to start.

"Tell them to get post-horses for my traveling chariot," he said, while Benoni was curling and powdering him. "I burn to see the old place again, dreary as it must be by this time; and London is as dull as a graveyard—all the pretty women gone to Tunbridge or Bath."

"Weather very warm for traveling," insinuated Benoni.

"Weather insufferable for London," yawned Sir Jasper, looking at the last number of *The World* through his eye-glass. "Horace Walpole says this week's paper is by Clatterfield; but it is vastly stupid, whoever wrote it."

"They say the smallpox is raging in the West of England; but, of course, if my lord wishes to revisit his chateau—" murmured Benoni, with an air of resignation, as if life or death was immaterial to him personally. He always called Sir Jasper "my lord," and although he could speak four languages, had never yet mastered the difference between a baronetcy and a peerage.

"If it is written in the book of fate that we are to die of the smallpox, we shall get it, wherever we may be. Did it not reach the French king upon his throne, t'other day? You may order the carriage for noon, Florio. And you need take but little trouble about my things—half-a-dozen waistcoats, and a dozen or so of cravats—the coquelicot suit, and the myrtle-green—the gray tiffany—perhaps, I may not stay above a week. The place will be deadly dull, no doubt. I am only going to get some money. That cursed faro has exhausted my funds, and the midsummer rents ought to be got by this time."

It was only the second week in July; but Sir Jasper's necessities made him eager.

Benoni's looks expressed a grave interest. "My lord is going to get money from his land?" he inquired.

"What else dost thou suppose the earth was made for? We do not keep corn-fields or farmyards for playthings. Land bestows a certain kind of distinction upon an Englishman, Benoni; but 'tis a deuced bad investment of the fortune. If my father had employed his capital in commerce, and had been lucky in his ventures, I should have thousands where I have hundreds. But heaven made me a country gentleman, and I must e'en be content."

Eleven o'clock struck before Sir Jasper left his dressing-room; but Benoni had his master's portmanteaus packed and the traveling chariot at the door upon the stroke of twelve. When Sir Jasper came out of the dining-room, where he had been sipping his chocolate and trifling with an epicurean breakfast, Sebastian followed close upon his master's heels, fawning upon him, and whining as if he suspected mischief.

"The faithful brute thinks I am going to leave him," said Sir Jasper, patting the big blunt black head which had thrust itself affectionately against his breast.

"My lord will not take the dog to Somersetshire?" exclaimed Benoni, astonished.

"Not take him? Dost thou think I'd leave a beast that loves me to the tender mercies of a St. James lodging-house? He'd be starved, or poisoned, or stole, perchance, before I came back. No; Sebastian goes with his master."

CHAPTER II.

THE journey into Somersetshire was long and fatiguing, though the road lay through a land full of Summer beauty. It was the great Bath road, famous for its danger from gentlemen of the Dick Turpin breed. Sir Jasper lolled in his chariot, and tossed over the papers, and yawned a little over the last volume of fashionable poetry—the mildest dilution of Pope and Gay—and slept a good deal, and caressed Sebastian. It was fine dry weather, which promised well for the harvest, but was somewhat exhausting for humanity. Sir Jasper's tiffany suit was in nowise too cool.

"If I'd worn the damask, I should have been suffocated," he said.

Sebastian endured the heat and fatigue of the journey with an admirable patience. He stared out of the window, with his big tongue hanging languidly out of one side of his mouth, and his great brown eyes contemplative of the landscape. He slept even more than his master. He prowled about the yards of the fine old inns where they stopped to eat or sleep, and so long as he was not banished from his master, seemed supremely happy.

The longest journey must end at last; and, after lying at inns three nights and traveling for four long Summer days—stopping to see an old church or a noted mansion now and then—Sir Jasper's chariot drove through the gates of his own domain.

The gates were opened by the lodge-keeper's daughter—a tall girl, with bright chestnut hair, brown eyes, and a milk-white complexion, powdered with freckles. The sight of this damsel recalled a little bit of family history to Sir Jasper's mind. Thirty years ago, his father, Sir Everard, had given the lodge and an acre of garden adjoining it to a poor relation of his own—a bookish man, who had done well at Oxford, but nowhere else in the world, and had been at very low water, when his distant kinsman, Sir Everard Lydford, offered him a temporary shelter.

"There's the lodge," said Sir Everard. "It was once a dower-house, but part was pulled down in Queen Anne's time. There's a good garden, and 'tis a roomy cottage even now. You can keep a lad to open the gates, and you may have as much fruit, and vegetables, and milk, and butter, and eggs as you like from the farm. This may serve while you look about you for a fresh start in life."

This humble shelter the poor scholar had accepted gladly and gratefully. He brought a big chest of books and a very small trunk of clothes to the cottage at the gates of Lydford Manor. These were all his earthly goods. Sir Everard's housekeeper put in some old furniture which had been perishing in lofts and lumber-rooms, and the scholar, who had taste and handiness as well as book learning, soon dressed up and adorned his modest dwelling. He made it so pretty that the lodge was the admiration of most visitors who came to the Manor. But that fresh start in life which Sir Everard had talked of, never came. His poor kinsman was too happy at Lydford with his books and his roses to care of doing battle with adverse fate. Fortune had never meant him to be rich or successful; but Heaven had meant him to be happy. Sitting in the sun on his well-cut grass-plot, poring over a Dutch variorum edition of his favorite Horace, he envied neither king nor kaiser.

He asked Sir Everard for permission to live and die there, and Sir Everard granted the boon with all his heart. His kinsman was modest, and asked for nothing more than had been offered in the first instance. All the servants on the estate adored him. They had never known so perfect a gentleman. So life went on, without a ripple, for about ten years; and then the poor scholar fell in love, and asked his kinsman's permission to marry—or, rather, to remain at the lodge after his marriage, having quite made up his mind to take a wife.

Sir Everard said Yes, and wanted to make him a present of a hundred pound bank bill. But this the scholar refused with gentle dignity.

"You have given me a home," he said, "and a pleasant one. I will never impose upon your generosity. I earn a little money by translations and revisions—quite enough for my wants."

"But a wife will be different," suggested Sir Everard; "she will have different notions of life."

"My wife will be my second self, and will be happy in the simple life that pleases me," answered Mr. Dorillon, with confidence.

The young lady he married was the curate's daughter, who had been reared on the narrowest means, and had one of those sweet natures to which worldly wealth seems but dress when weighed against affection. She came to the scholar's cottage with as much delight as if she had been led home to a palace, and beautified and glorified his life for two short years ere envious death snatched her from his side.

Dark was the gloom of the years that followed that bitter parting. For a little while the scholar's mind went astray; then came a time of dull despair, a sense of aching misery—days that brought no comfort, nights that knew no rest. The pretty cottage was neglected; the bright parasites that mantled its walls grew wild and overran the thatched roof—the roses were uncared for. But God is merciful, and Time is a mighty healer. One day Stephen Dorillon awakened to the knowledge that he had a lovely and loving child yearning for his affection. He opened his heart to this motherless girl, and she became dear as her mother had been to him. He took comfort, and his days resumed their placid course; the old flavor came back to the books he loved; and the gray-haired student, aged more by sorrow than by time, was able to lift his voice with Job in his affliction and say: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The memory of this friendly story flashed upon Sir Jasper as he drove past the old half-timbered cottage, covered with roses and myrtle, honeysuckle and jasmine. The roses were cared for now, and made a blaze of bloom on the old rough-cast wall. There were bird-cages in the open casements—birds singing—butterflies skimming about in the sunny fore-court. Sebastian put his head out of the window and gave a joyous bark, as he saluted the pretty picture.

"Can that fine girl be old Dorillon's daughter?" wondered Sir Jasper, putting up his glass and looking back at the fair vision.

He could catch but a glimpse of the tall slim figure, the glowing chestnut hair, quilted petticoat, and dowered chintz gown.

This was about all that was fair or beautiful at Lydford Manor. The old house itself had been sorely neglected, both by the guardians of Sir Jasper's minority and by Sir Jasper himself. It was a solid old mansion of the first Charles's time—a house in the shape of a capital E. There was a garden in front, and a fountain, and a dry moat dividing the garden from the park; but the garden was grim and weedy; the gravel walks were gangrened and moss-grown; the fountain had never played since Sir Everard's time.

The inside of the house smelt as chill and damp as a family vault. Shutters had been kept shut; doors opened with an awful clanging like the portals of a jail. Sir Jasper shuddered as he walked through the desolate rooms. Benoni's sallow complexion assumed a greenish hue. Sebastian sniffed in corners, and gave forth low growls, as if he smelt brigands and assassins behind the paneling; but perhaps he only scented mice.

The housekeeper was ancient and deaf, and as much astonished by her lord's arrival as if Jupiter had dropped from the clouds. She and a brace of country girls were the sole inhabitants of the deserted old house; but even with this scanty establishment Benoni contrived to make things comfortable before nightfall. He had three of the lightest and pleasantest rooms got ready for his master—as bedchamber, dressing-closet, and study; a suite of apartments on the first floor, fronting southward, and overlooking garden and park. The house lay in a valley, and to the left, yonder, above the trees, Sir Jasper could just see the white walls and rose-wreathed chimney-stack of Mr. Dorillon's cottage. It was a small thing, but it pleased him.

He dined and slept comfortably, thanks to the all-accomplished Benoni, who was a cook by innate genius as he was a valet by profession. It was Benoni who tried the cutlets, and tossed the omelet for his master's table, and who took care that the linen for his master's bed was duly aired.

"What should I do without thee, my Benoni, in a savage place like this?" cried the sybarite, as he stretched himself on the best feather-bed in the old manor-house. "Thou art a treasure of ingenuity and excellence. And now read me Goldoni's play of 'Pamela,' which is so much shorter and more amusing than Richardson's novel, while I sink into a placid slumber. Has Sebastian made himself comfortable?"

"Yes, my lord."

A rug had been spread for the St. Bernard at the foot of his master's four-poster.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SIOUX WAR.

OUR SKETCHES FROM GENERAL CROOK'S ARMY.

THE "CRY FOR SCALPS"—ARRIVAL OF SHOSHONE ALLIES—SHOSHONE WAR DANCE ON GOOSE CREEK—CHIEF OF THE SCOUTS.

(From our Special Correspondent in the Field.)

CAMP ON GOOSE CREEK, CHEYENNE, WY. TER., August 2d, 1876.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER—I avail myself of the services of a trusty messenger to send you further sketches of incidents connected with the present campaign, and, as I am about starting for the front, but a few moments can be spared for a letter.

The camp on Goose Creek shows the arrival of the Shoshone scouts, under the leadership of Thomas Cosgrove and a brother-in-law of Washakie, June 14th. They drew up in fine military order, with our nation's flag displayed, as in one long line they advanced into camp, their long "war-poles" decorated with feathers and nodding in the breeze, a magnificent-looking body of men, trapped in their full war costumes. To the right is the cavalry camp, stretching up West Goose Creek; in the foreground are the pack trains, the "aparejos" of the mules, placed in fortification style; in the right middle distance lies the headquarters, while back of it are the lodges of the Crows. The wagon corral is formed in the left middle distance, backed by the infantry camp and Shoshone lodges, along the west bank of East Goose Creek. In the left background looms Cloud Peak, the highest point in the Big Horn Mountain range.

On the day after their arrival (15th) the Shoshone allies performed their war-dance at the camp on Goose Creek before General Crook, his officers and men. The young warriors formed in a ring on the inside around the fire, dressed in all the "pomp and circumstance of war," chanting a monotonous tune, and keeping up a beating with their scalp-poles on their gun-barrels at irregular intervals. The outer ring of warriors were those who had participated in many a fight, and long been accustomed to the usages of war. These sung their "Hi-hi-hi" in a deep tone, also keeping time on their gun-barrels with their scalp-poles. These poles are always decorated with feathers when they have no fresh scalps. At regular intervals the dance would cease with a grand chorus of yells, only to be taken up again when all had regained their breath. The festivity, if such it can be called, was kept up till about one o'clock in the morning.

"Crying for Scalps" is another spectacle witnessed on the memorable 15th of June. A Crow warrior, who it appears had lost all his relatives by the unrelenting enmity of the Sioux, thought this the most fitting opportunity to say "his prayers." Mounted on a fleet pony, decked out in his war gear, the upper part of his face a bright scarlet, and the lower portion emerald green, he paraded from lodge to lodge appealing to the Great Spirit for the scalps and ponies of his enemies. Suddenly he ceased crying, and starting on a full gallop, made

for the hills, discharging his gun at every jump of the pony, till he was lost to view. What transpired in the sacred solitude whither he had taken himself none of us knew.

"The Command Crossing Crazy Woman's Fork" on the 3d of June speaks for itself. Cloud Peak rears its snowy brow in the background. S.

FRANK GUARD, LEADER OF GENERAL CROOK'S SCOUTS.

FRANK GUARD, the leader of General Crook's scouts in the present expedition, is a native of Honolulu, the principal city of the Sandwich Islands, and passed his early life as a sailor along the Pacific coast. In 1865 he settled in San Francisco, and engaged in driving stage stock from California to Montana. On one of his regular trips, which were made solitary and alone along the valley of the Gallatin River, he was waylaid by a party of vagabond Crows, and himself and the mail he carried were captured. He was taken by his captors several days' journey from the mail route, and finally stripped and abandoned, helpless and naked, on Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone. Here he wandered about half starved for many days, his only covering a piece of ragged, rotten blanket, and living upon frogs, berries and cactus. His sufferings he describes as terrible in the extreme. When utterly exhausted and in despair, hopeless of ever again reaching civilization or succor, one morning he was discovered by a roving band of Unkapapa Sioux, some fifty or sixty in number. His emaciated, helpless condition won even the sympathies of these savages, who at once fed and clothed him, and conveyed him to their village, which was then on the Musselshell River. Here he first met Sitting Bull, who at once took a fancy to the captive boy, supposing him to be a son of some strange Indian tribe further west. Guard never deceived the fierce Indian chieftain. Frank soon made his way to the confidence and affection of his new friends, and in due time was permitted to roam at will with the boys in charge of the pony herds. He accompanied Sitting Bull in several of his raids on the posts of the Upper Missouri, and became an expert in riding, shooting and the other accomplishments which go to make up the Indian. In the siege of Fort Pease, about a year ago, he succeeded in making his escape, but was recaptured and his life saved through the interference of Sitting Bull himself. It was not until the great council held at Red Cloud, last September, that Guard succeeded in making a final and successful escape. He made his way to Fort Laramie, where he has been employed ever since by the Government in the capacity of scout and interpreter.

Frank Guard would pass for a full-blooded Sioux Indian. He is tall, broad-shouldered, long-limbed, and as dark as a copper-colored full-blood. He has the characteristic square chin, low forehead, broad face and high cheek-bones of the Sioux, and eight or nine years' residence among them has imbued him with many of the peculiarities of that noted tribe. Guard has just received notice of his engagement as a special scout for General Crook, who was then at Cheyenne. He felt rather proud of the position, which inures him \$10 per day. He is at present about twenty-four years of age, dresses in civilized costume, wears none of the tawdry tinzel decorations generally worn by the Indians, and makes no outward display whatever. In speaking of Sitting Bull and the campaign, Guard said he expected a long, bitter and stubborn war before his adopted father would give way, and then, if whipped, the Sioux would join their brethren in the British possessions. Like all other frontiersmen, Guard has a supreme contempt for the peace policy of the Government, and said the Indians laugh at the idea of treaty-making.

A Curious Story.

NOTHING which comes from the East can cause a great amount of astonishment or surprise, for we have become accustomed to all sorts of sensational stories from that quarter of the globe; but now and then we hear a tale which reminds us that the land of the Caliphs is yet in existence. Such a story was given the other day by the *Courier de France*, and, while we cannot vouch for its accuracy, it is too curious a statement to be passed over without comment. The first reflection of the reader will probably be that anything is possible in Islam. While that is true, we must not forget that we now have to do with men who made a revolution in the name of progress and civilization, who deposed their sovereign for the good of their country, and who claimed that their single aim was their country's regeneration. We naturally look for sentiments of humanity in men who claim to have become imbued with European ideas; but, if this story be true, there is little hope for regenerating the Turk, except with Krupp guns and breech-loading rifles. The correspondent of the journal in question is very circumstantial, going into details that wear, at least, an air of probability, and his letter was written in a special cipher. He attributes the murder of the Ministers to one of their colleagues, acting in the interest of the Young Turkey party. As startling as this may appear at first blush, there are no reasons for doubting the animus, and the view is even more probable than that telegraphed over Europe by the Government. It would have us believe that the assassin Hassan was instigated to do his bloody work by the Sultan's Valide.

On the 4th of June, the writer says, Hussein-Avni Pasha had a long interview, with Sultan Mourad at Dolma-Baghche. He was accompanied by three *kavas* and two secretaries. The interview was interrupted at half-past one by the arrival of Midhat Pasha, who was accompanied by a tall, pale young man in the garb of a *Sofia*. When the Seraskier came out, Midhat made a sign to the *Sofia* and got into the carriage with Hussein-Avni Pasha. At ten o'clock that night the same *Sofia* was seen in the vestibule of Midhat's house, where the Council of Ministers was to meet. When passing him, the Grand Vizier used some mysterious words, in a low tone, saying *Perde çekme*, or "draw the curtain." The *Sofia* went out without a word, and was not seen again for six days, though his presence was much remarked in Pera. On the 11th of June the same person reappeared at Dolma-Baghche. This time he had thrown off the student's dress, and was in the undress uniform of a captain in the army. Midhat introduced him to Sultan Mourad, who had a long interview with him, after which the man entered a barge with Midhat, and went to the latter's house. The next morning he reappeared at Pera. At nine o'clock on the evening of the 14th, Midhat and the captain were together when a dispatch came from the Sultan, and, after reading it, the Grand Vizier said: "Character drawn from mother's milk is only lost with loss of life." "Allah eternalize your power!" responded the captain. The next evening the latter came for orders, and Midhat was heard to say: "Do not let this be everybody's story." It was about midnight when Hassan entered the Ministry of War, where a dozen guards were indulging in an extra ration of

raki, and installed himself in a small room near the Council Chamber. Kaiserli Pasha arrived at nine o'clock, Midhat and Rachid at ten, and all awaited the arrival of Hussein-Avni, detained by the Sultan. He came in near midnight, and the Council began.

The first thing brought up was the question of Lia-Bey, Hussein insisting strenuously upon the disgrace of this man, who was spoken of as the favorite of Midhat. The debate began to grow heated. The Grand Vizier then rose and went to the side door, using again the mysterious words, *Perde çekme*. He raised the curtain, indeed, and disclosed Hassan surrounded by a dozen *kavas*, or palace guards. Midhat sprang to one side; Hassan bounded in like a tiger, sending a ball into the Seraskier's head. Hussein-Avni Pasha rose once, and fell stone dead. The guards joined in the *milfe*, and Rachid called loudly for help; his cries were soon stopped with a poniard. Kaiserli Pasha rushed to the side of Midhat and drew his sword, but he was speedily wounded in the shoulder and thigh. At the same moment Cheikri Bey, one of Hussein's aide-de-camps, came in with a revolver, and, running up to Midhat, with an oath, fired at him at arm's-length. He would have been killed on the spot but for the devotion of a man, who sprang forward at the moment and received the ball designed for his master. Cheikri fell with a wound in the back; and, of all the Ministers, Midhat alone remained standing. Giving orders to have the wounds of Kaiserli Pasha dressed, he entered his carriage and went to his palace as calmly as Regulus did when quitting Rome. He paid no attention to Hassan, who, feeling sure in the protection of Midhat, did not seek to fly; but at daybreak he was arrested and taken to the Ministry of War; from there he was taken to a dungeon, and suddenly disappeared. The next morning his body was found hanging to a gibbet; but all noted that there was a wound in his back, and the inference left for the dispatches is, that the body hung was that of a dead man. And was it really Hassan? The correspondent in question does not believe that it was. He hints that one of the dead soldiers was hung up instead—perhaps Cheikri Bey himself—and that Hassan is now safe in the Seraglio. Such is the account given of this terrible tragedy, and we leave our readers to weigh it, and compare it with known facts. If true, we may certainly look for darker and more terrible tragedies at no distant date.

The Ethics of Suicide.

THE philosophy of suicide, if it may be so termed, has especial interest for this reason, among others, that few points could be named which so sharply and decisively discriminate the whole Pagan and Christian conceptions of virtue. For while many exceptions have to be made on the one side, and certain reservations on the other, it is correct to say, broadly speaking, that suicide was regarded as not only legitimate, but often highly meritorious, among the Greeks and Romans, while it has been from the first universally condemned among Christians as one of the most heinous of sins. This is, of course, partly due to the very different views taken of death, and therefore of life, in the rival systems; but the difference runs up into another and still more fundamental one, as to the position and duties of created beings, and the true standard of goodness. Mr. Swinburne has forcibly hit off the Pagan idea in his Hymn to Proserpine, "I kneel not, neither adore, but, standing, look to the end." The Stoics represented this old Pagan idea of virtue in its highest form; it was *vera que romanitas*, based on a self-complacent faith in the perfection of human nature and the dignity of man, and taking no account of the sense of sin and need for repentance and pardon which lay at the root of the evangelical system of ethics. There was no real recognition of responsibility to a higher power, of the guilt of offending Him, and of a future judgment. What would be called in modern language the worldly code of respectability and honor, as then understood, was held synonymous with the highest virtue. This, of course, left room for considerable varieties of detail, according to individual or national peculiarities of feeling and opinion. And on this very point of suicide there was not, as we observed before, any complete unanimity of sentiment. Some of the greater thinkers of antiquity, like Pythagoras and Plato, rose, if not to a Christian, to a theistic conception of the question, and condemned it on the just ground that man, being placed here by the Deity, has no right to desert his post, as Pythagoras expresses it, without the leave of his commander. Nor was suicide very common in Greece, though illustrious names may be found among those who adopted it, including that of Zeno. But this was probably due rather to the native joyousness and exultation in life so prominent in the Hellenic character than to any deeper or more religious motive. Plutarch says that the Athenians would have preferred an eternity of misery to extinction. Even in Rome, which may be called the classical home of suicides, there were many dissentient voices.

Discouragement of American Art.

WE have but few sculptors at home; but there are a good many American sculptors in Florence and in Rome, who do a thriving business there, greatly to the benefit of those Italian cities, merely because our tariff laws make it for their interest to remain abroad. As soon as the artistic talent of Hiram Powers was developed he was sent to Italy, from whence he never returned. Thomas Crawford was sent to Rome from New York, and there remained until his death, where William W. Story continued to live and work at his art. Randolph Rogers also went to Rome from New York, and has remained there; and he has been followed by Launt Thompson and many others. There are a good many workshops in Florence and Rome, under the charge of American sculptors, where large numbers of Italians are employed; and the work they turn out is sent here duty free, under the assumption of its being the product of American artists. If the same rule were to be applied to the production of calicoes and printed books that is applied to the so-called artistic productions, there would be no more calicoes or books printed in this country. The law which has been so effective in destroying the art of sculpture in this country has not been quite so marked in preventing the development of the art of painting, because the outlay for artists' materials is less; but the same discrimination in favor of the foreign artist exists in painting as in sculpture. All the materials used by the painter are subjected to a heavy duty, ranging from thirty-five to forty per cent; but foreign paintings are admitted at a duty of ten per cent, while those that have a certificate as the work of American painters come in free of any duty. So, while there are communities of thoroughly Italianized American sculptors in Florence and Rome, there are also communities of American artists in those cities, as well as in Munich, Paris, and London. What Congress has done thus far towards encouraging and protecting art is to make it for the interest of American artists to go to Europe and remain there. The marvel is that there should be any who find it to their interest to remain at home; but the number who do is very small and steadily growing smaller.

Royal Property in New York.

AN exchange says: "Several of the most expensive buildings in Broadway, in Broad Street, and in Wall Street are owned by the Empress Eugénie, who derives from them, every year, a rent

of \$65,000. When the Duke of Nassau, one of the dispossessed German princes of 1866, was here in 1868, he purchased tenements in Allen Street, that to-day are nominally owned by German notaries public, and that yield him twelve per cent. on the capital invested. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Frederick Francis II., is the owner of lots and houses in Elm Street. Queen Victoria owns considerable real estate in Broadway, which stands in the name of an Englishman. The King of Sweden owns \$500,000 worth of real estate in New York; and the Grand Duke Alexis owns a hotel in Broadway. King Bomba bought six houses in Greenwich Street in 1852; and they are held by Italians, for his son Francis II."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Explosion on the British Ironclad "Thunderer."

The British navy has encountered a terrible catastrophe in an explosion which occurred, July 14th, on board H. M. S. *Thunderer*, the sister-sister to the *Devastation*. She had steamed out from Portsmouth to try her speed on the measured mile, and the stokers, of whom there were 130 on board, and of whom thirty were actually in the stoke-hole at work on the furnaces, were getting up steam, when a great explosion of steam occurred, which blew out the end of one of the boilers, and scalded fifteen persons to death on the spot. Nineteen more died the same day. Forty-one deaths took place, mostly after great suffering, and thirty-six more were more or less seriously injured, making a list of casualties of seventy-seven in all.

The Bravo Mystery in London.

A prosperous young London barrister, named Bravo, recently married a wealthy widow, and, to all outward appearance, lived happily with his wife. But one day, only a few months after the marriage, he went out to the West End with his wife. She left him and went away to their beautiful suburban retreat at Balham. He followed a few hours afterwards; left his companion and best of friends at the Victoria Station; arrived at his residence, went out for a ride; came home, dined with his wife and lady companion; within an hour after dinner was taken fatally ill, and died, undoubtedly of antimonial poison; but, according to his own dying declaration, not poisoned knowingly by himself. The mystery has, for the second time, been carefully investigated by a coroner, with an exceptionally intelligent jury, but without attaining to any satisfactory result.

The Turkish Insurrection.

The lower classes of both races and religions in Constantinople have been in a very excited state during the last few weeks, continually provoked by fresh rumors of insurrection, foreign interference, and wars of conquest or deliverance. On June 26th there was a quarrel between a Turkish "hamal" or porter, and an Armenian, which occasioned the interference of the police. They took the Armenian into custody, but left the Mussulman free. This did not seem fair to the bystanders, whose exclamations called together a mob of people; and, as the *zaptiehs* persisted in their mode of dealing with the case, there was a forcible rescue, leading to a grand street battle. The Turkish women in the neighboring houses took part in the fight by throwing stones from the windows, one of which missiles killed a Greek priest, and three other persons were killed before the fray was stopped by the arrival of a troop of soldiers. We also give in this issue a view of Fort Elizabeth, on the Danubian frontier of Servia, which presents a fine illustration of the picturesque scenery of that belligerent region. The treatment which the captured inhabitants receive at the hands of their conquerors is, it is to be feared, brutal on both sides, and our picture of the Circassians driving Bulgarian prisoners into slavery might doubtless be reversed as to the parties without violating the probable truth.

A Singular Railroad Accident in Australia.

On the night of May 2d, the night-train on the Tasmanian Main Line Railway ran into a "mob" of horses and killed three. The scene is vividly drawn and engraved, and, as may be imagined, it contains powerful elements of the picturesque. There is the hurried start of the stray horses as the noise of the train breaks on their drowsy ears, possibly petrifying them with terror; their fright as the thundering iron monster, with its glaring lights and furnace-glow, rushes towards them; their wild plunge into flight, which is fatally sure to be along the track on which the engine is advancing; the efforts of the driver to check the train; and the straining endeavors of the horses to outstrip its speed, till, at the last, it crushes in amongst them, throwing them dead or maimed to the right and left, or cutting them to pieces beneath its iron wheels.

A New Australian Gold Field.

A new gold digging has been discovered at Opossum Hill, Australia, about sixty miles from Melbourne, which is attracting considerable attention from the colonists. The "rush," which is the local idiom for a new digging, presents, as seen in the engraving, many of the aspects familiar in the diggings of olden times. The view is almost exactly similar, save that piling and shingle shanties take the place of the universal tents of early days. At a new rush, the main street is like all other main streets, a few shanties and stores irregularly strewn along the sides of a random-looking road, on the sides of which, and sometimes in the middle of which, shafts are being sunk. Some of the stores possess a counter, to which a square bottle of gin, half a dozen tumblers, and a jug of water of the color and almost the consistency of pea-soup, impart a sociable and attractive look. Now and then some diggers, just arrived, trudge along the street on the lookout for a place to stop at, and now and then one or two who have "struck it heavy" pass by in a state of high exhilaration, artificially aided by mixtures of the gin and pea-soup-looking water. All this is much quieter than it was at a new rush twenty years ago. There are none of the wild extravagant excesses then quite common, which is no doubt attributable to the fact that gold is not so plentifully obtained.

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

"WHEREVER I go," said an elderly traveler, the other day, "I find men wearing out their old clothes and hats; but the ladies, almost without exception, have brand-new and expensive dresses."

THE following cheerful watering-place item appeared recently in the *Boston Globe*: "Mr. George W. Townsend, submarine and diver contractor, is meeting with great success in recovering the bodies of drowned persons. He has a large corps of divers always in readiness, and seldom fails in restoring bodies to their friends. Office," etc.

A CURIOUS purchase is said to have recently been made for one of the Paris museums. It is a confessional of old Florentine carving. Besides the marvelous work in the panels, it is surmounted by the head of the Saviour, which, on touching a spring, disappears and gives place to a diabolical visage with horns and tongue of fire, well calculated to strike a healthy terror into the minds of penitents.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—THE Exhibition is three months old.
—No advertising circulars or posters are permitted to be distributed or posted upon the Grounds.
—THE total admissions during the first half of the Exhibition were 2,866,936, and the total cash receipts \$957,830.50.

—A PHILADELPHIA jeweler's exhibit comprises a case about as large as a coffin, containing nearly \$125,000 worth of ornaments set with precious stones and pearls.

—MANY of the best mechanics and operatives at the Exhibition say that they become nervous and cannot do themselves justice in their work when watched by a crowd.

—ALTHOUGH the entries for the international dog-show will remain open until the 1st of September, those made after the 20th inst. will not be included in the official catalogue.

—It is believed in the agricultural circles of the Exhibition that the display of sheep at the International Live-stock show will be the most extensive, thorough and attractive ever made at any world's fair.

—THEIR miserable luck makes some of the gewgaw-vending Turks and Arabs at the Exhibition wish they had staid in Germany or west of the Mississippi, where they and their fathers before them were born and bred.

—The 120 Chinese youths who are being educated at Hartford, Conn., under the charge of Professor Northrup, and at the expense of the Chinese Government, are to visit Philadelphia on the 21st inst., and devote a week to the Exhibition.

—The opening of the Exhibition at night—say until nine or ten o'clock—is in serious contemplation by the Executive Committee. This would enable thousands to see the exhibition who are debarred from doing so by the closing of the gates on Sunday.

—THE Cincinnati Light Guards marched all the way from Cincinnati to the Exhibition, unprovided with sufficient funds for expenses. After undergoing the first stages of starvation, the Pennsylvania Railroad authorities gave them free passes home, and thither they went.

—THE latest fever among youthful visitors from a distance is to congregate around the letter-presses in Machinery Hall and have letters to the folks at home printed on Centennial paper, and put into Centennial envelopes, upon which the address is also printed. The missive is then mailed through the Centennial Post Office.

—ARRANGEMENTS are being made for greatly reduced transportation rates for the 25,000 Connecticut cutters that are expected to be at the Exhibition on the 6th and 7th of next month. The Connecticut Militia are to be reviewed on the Grounds by Governor Ingersoll on the 6th, and the visitors will be met by the Governor at the Centennial Cottage next day.

—A RULE of the Exhibition forbids the admission to the Grounds of all vehicles except those bringing necessary supplies. The British, Japanese, Spanish, and other Foreign Commissioners; Mr. John Welsh, President of the Board of Finance; the physicians in the Medical Department; Magistrate Clark, whose court is on the grounds; Mrs. McHenry, Matron of the Lincoln Institute; Mrs. Gillespie and Mrs. Cohen, of the Women's Executive Committee, and others, are, however, furnished with special passes to enter the Grounds in carriages.

CONGRESSIONAL.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

MONDAY, August 6th.—SENATE.—The Committee on Conference on the Harbor and River Bill reported that they had agreed. . . . House joint resolution in reference to the burial of the remains of the officers and men sunk in the *Tacumuck*, at Mobile, during the war, was passed. . . . House Bill making appropriation for payment of claims reported allowed by the Southern Claims Commission taken up and passed. . . . Consideration of resolution to print 10,000 extra copies of the President's Message on the Hamburg massacre resumed. House—No business of any importance was transacted.

TUESDAY, August 7th.—SENATE.—Bill to establish Territory of Pembina, in northern part of Dakota, passed. . . . Hamburg resolution again debated. . . . House concurred resolution to appoint special committee on condition of gold and silver placed on calendar. House—Mr. Hall made a long speech on the condition of politics, and several members replied. . . . An Amendment to the Constitution for what is known as the Blaine School Amendment was introduced by Mr. Lawrence.

WEDNESDAY, August 8th.—SENATE.—Conference Committee on Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill reported their inability to agree. . . . Further debate was had on the Hamburg resolution. House—Bill to permit the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to carry the mails on their new iron vessels passed with amendments. . . . Bill granting pension of \$30 per month to widow of Captain Yates, killed by the Indians, passed. . . . The political situation was again debated. Mr. Hoar leading. . . . Resolution adopted instructing the House Committee on Conference on the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill to recede from the point of disagreement with Senate Committee, and the old Committee was reappointed.

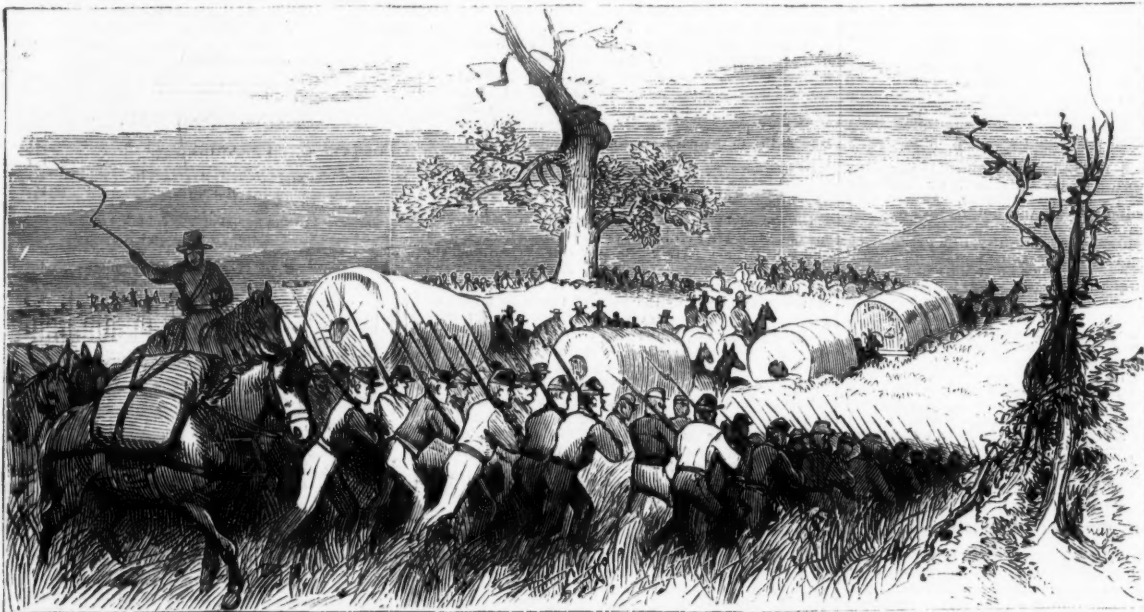
THURSDAY, August 10th.—SENATE.—Political debate on Hamburg Bill continued. . . . The Conference report on Harbor and River Bill received, debated and agreed to. House—Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department submitted a majority report and offered a resolution that Mr. Hanscom, Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs, should be removed from office, being unworthy and incompetent to hold that position. Pending action, the Conference report on the Harbor and River Bill was presented and agreed to.

FRIDAY, August 11th.—SENATE.—An amendment to the Postal Appropriation Bill providing for the continuance of the fast mail trains was agreed to. . . . An amendment to a Bill to restore the Banking privilege was agreed to. . . . Joint resolution proposing an Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the appropriation of money for sectarian purposes taken up. House—A Bill to increase the number of Indian scouts to 1,000 was taken from the table and passed. . . . Resolution authorizing Military Committee to investigate management of the Soldiers' Homes, a territorial debate, was adopted. . . . Committee on Foreign Affairs submitted a report on the Venezuela Claims with a resolution requesting the President to withhold further demands on the Government of Venezuela, and directing its Secretary of State to suspend all further payment of claims until March 4th, 1877, and the resolution was passed. . . . Resolution fixing Monday, August 14th, as day of adjournment, was agreed to.

SATURDAY, August 12th.—SENATE.—Consideration of Bill to carry into effect the Hawaiian Treaty resumed. . . . The proposed Amendment to the Constitution to prohibit appropriation of money for sectarian purposes was read a third time and placed on the calendar. House—Report of Committee on the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Appropriation Bill was presented and adopted; and report of Conference Committee on the Diplomatic and Consular Bill agreed to.



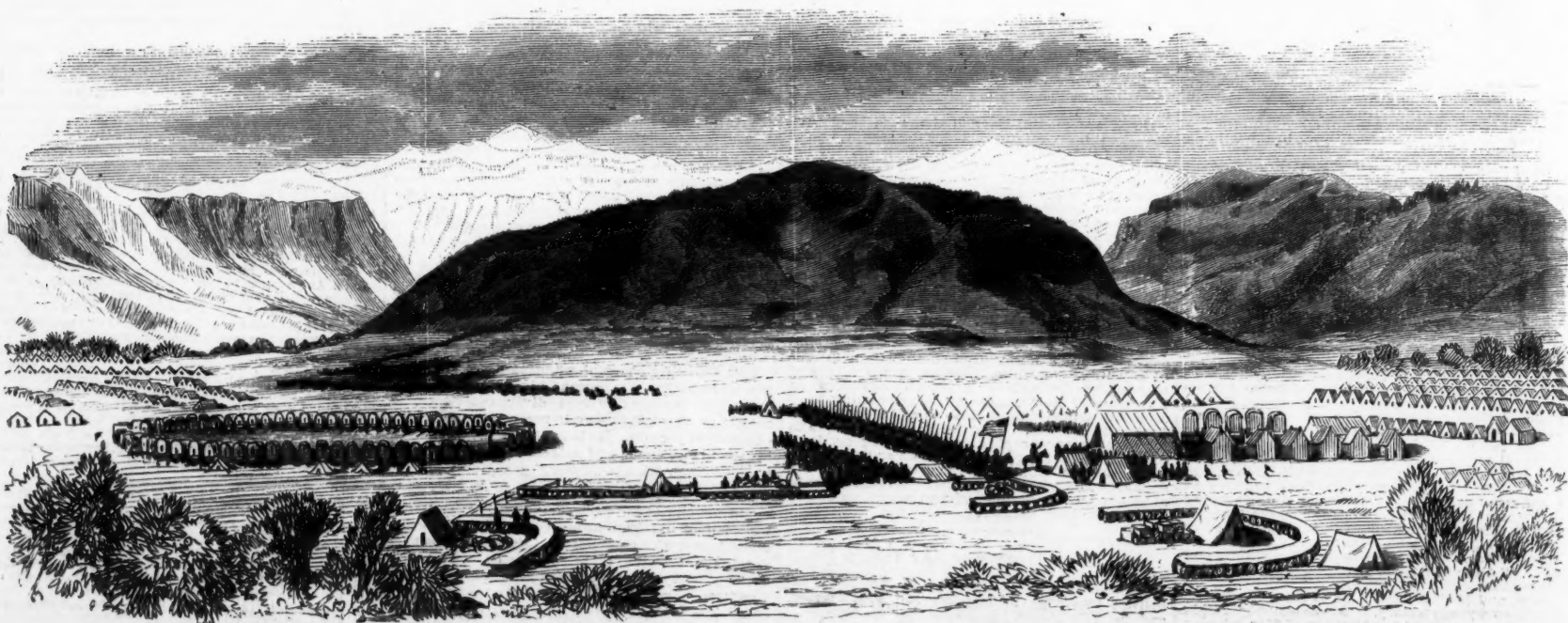
THE SHOSHONES BELONGING TO GENERAL CROOK'S COLUMN PERFORMING A WAR-DANCE AT THE CAMP ON GOOSE CREEK, JUNE 15TH.



GENERAL CROOK'S COLUMN CROSSING CRAZY WOMAN'S FORK, JUNE 3D.



FRANK GUARD, CHIEF SCOUT OF GENERAL CROOK'S BIG HORN EXPEDITION.



ARRIVAL OF SHOSHONE INDIANS AT THE CAMP ON THE EAST AND WEST FORKS OF GOOSE CREEK, JUNE 14TH.



1, 2. Norge Costume. 3, 4. Wingaker Costume. 5. A Laplander. 6. Skone Costume. 7. Orsa Costume. 8. Swedish Costume. 9. The Infant's Death.
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—SWEDISH CHARACTER GROUPS IN THE MAIN BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 411.

LOVE A LA MODE.

LOVE her? Yes, of course I did; I idolized her, and all that; Adored the flush upon her cheek, Worshipped the roses in her hair.

And she? I used to think she did; That talk about an empty heart, And sympathy will fix a man— Oh, yes, of course, we had to part.

She didn't think I cared for her; She'd only liked me as a friend; Indeed, she wasn't worth my love— I'd be much happier in the end.

She'd never marry, that she knew— Oh, yes, I swallowed all her talk— She's fancied, I hear, to Smith; He made a million out of pork.

Ah, well, my boy, these things cut deep; She broke my heart to suit her play, And—love! what pretty girl is that Just going in across the way?

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEVOLENCE," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED).—AT LAST.

THE next day was the Sabbath, and Dolly went to worship with the household of Hazel Hall in the old stone church at Hazelcroft. The party was late, and as she followed Mrs. Hazelwood into her tall green baize lined pew, she looked and saw another near the chancel which held her gaze like a spell. It was walled high about, softly cushioned, and distinguished by hereditary tablets and escutcheons on the inclosed stone pillars. In it were seated four persons—Lord Basil Dane and Captain Clive, Lady Dane and the Honorable Miss Dawlish. A curious thrill went over Dolly. Yes, it was her ladyship, dressed in dead rich black, with a scarlet velvet prayer-book in her hand, and her black handsome eyes fixed on the painted Christ of the chancel window. Miss Dawlish sat beside her like a piece of wax-work, radiant in pearl-gray silk, and a Paris hat with pink feathers. She glanced up curiously as the Hazelwoods entered; but her ladyship did not deign them so much as a glance. With a cold, disdainful face she gazed straight up at that painted wino. In vain Dolly stared over at her. If Lady Dane had seen the party, she refused to notice them in the least.

That was a trying hour for Dolly. She seemed stifling. So near that woman, and yet not able to speak to her! Kneeling so near her in God's house, with such hatred in her heart—it was terrible! Guy Hazelwood turned the leaves of her prayer-book for her, and Dolly went through her responses mechanically, listened to the rector's sermon without hearing it, and was glad—utterly glad, when the party arose to move out. One involuntary glance she cast at the Dane pew. Her eyes met, not her ladyship's, but Lord Basil's. He flushed eagerly. She gave him a cold nod, and glided off down the aisle paved with the ancient gravestones of those who slept in the vaults of Hazelcroft Church. But before Dolly reached the door Captain Clive was beside her. He thrust a bit of paper into the hand which hung at her side. "Lady Dane bid me give you this," he whispered. Dolly slipped it into her prayer-book. A moment after she was in the carriage, riding back to Hazel Hall.

That mile to the manor-house gates seemed interminable. She ran to her own chamber, and without removing hat or mantle, flung herself into a chair, took the letter from her prayer-book, opened it, and read these words:

"You wish to see me—for what reason I am at a loss to imagine. Nevertheless, I will give you an opportunity. To-morrow from ten to eleven, A.M., I shall walk alone in my garden at the Priory. You will find a servant at the gate-house to conduct you to it. If you have anything of importance to say to me, you can meet me there. LADY DANE."

Dolly read this message again, and yet again. So this was the tone which her ladyship took with her! She brought the old yellow letter wherein Ruth Carew avowed her elopement with Hetty Hazelwood's husband, and compared the two closely and carefully. In spite of the twenty-one years betwixt the dates, Dolly saw beyond a doubt that the same person had written both. The formation of the letters was the same in each, the signatures, though so different, betrayed the same hand. And in this cold, scornful—ay, contemptuous—way, Ruth Carew granted Hetty Hazelwood's daughter an interview! Dolly set her teeth.

"Well, let us see what will happen to-morrow!" she said.

The remainder of the day was dreary and tedious enough. Outside, the rain fell heavily. That fat, ridiculous Lady Evelyn monopolized Guy Hazelwood, and everybody else seemed dull and out of spirits. Dolly missed Sir Philip's devoted attentions, and, as night fell, and the storm increased, she stole off to the library, deserted by all the other guests, and selecting some favorite books from the shelves, sat down by herself to read.

Wax-lights shone in the candelabra, a fire burned in the low steel grate under the maroon-velvet covered mantle-piece. Dolly, ensconced in a luxurious *pouf*, with a fan betwixt her face and the glow, and her feet on a tapestried fender-stool, was just opening her books, when the face of Guy Hazelwood appeared at the door.

"Is it possible for me to find refuge here for a few moments?" he said, dismally. "I have listened so long to Lady Evelyn's drivel, that I feel as if my brain was going."

Dolly pointed to another *pouf* on the opposite side of the fire.

"Sit down, if you like," she said with a wicked smile, "but you will hear her ladyship at the door in five minutes. She follows you about like an Indian on the trail."

He shrugged his shoulders as he took the seat. "Thank heaven! As there is an end to all earthly things, we may reasonably expect that Lady Evelyn's visit will some time come to a termination. I have just been to ask for the patient above-stairs, Dolly."

She lifted her brown eyes.

"Which patient?"

"Sarah Johnson. I am glad to hear that she still continues to improve."

"And Mrs. Hazelwood's sick friend!" said Dolly artfully, "how is she?"

The feminine pronoun was a little snare in which she hoped to catch, at least, some information respecting the sex of that mysterious person in the south wing; but Guy avoided it warily.

"My mother's friend is doing well," was his brief, quiet answer.

There was a pause.

"Has the London detective yet found any clue to the would-be assassin of our *fête* night?" asked Dolly.

"Unfortunately—no. The man and his motive are still a mystery to me."

She sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire, with her chin on her hand and her book slipping down her knee.

"Perhaps I ought to have told you," she said, "of a tramp that I met in the park more than a week ago. Since the attempt on your life I have thought about him a great deal. He was a villainous-looking fellow."

Guy gave a start.

"Describe him," he said.

"Short, thick-set, with a Jewish nose, and a scar on his left cheek—very stealthy in look and movement."

Guy started up in his chair.

"Is it possible?" he cried. "I ought to recognize that portrait! Why, I thought the fellow was hanged or transported long ago. Where was he—what did he say to you?"

In a few words Dolly described her meeting with the man. On one point only she remained silent, and that was the errand which led her that day to the park.

Guy listened in silence, shrugging his shoulders expressively.

"You know the person, then?" said Dolly.

A shadow flitted across his careless, blonde face. "Yes; he is an old foe, whose enmity I incurred long ago, and who has not let time conquer his hatred of me, it seems. He committed a shocking murder in Cornwall some years since, for which I sincerely hoped he was well hanged. He owes me a grudge, and he will never forget it, I dare say, so long as there is breath left in his body. I must put the London detective on his track at once. The scoundrel has never been punished for the murder of his uncle."

Dolly's brown eyes opened wide.

"Who is he?" she said, "and what is his grudge against you?"

Was it her fancy, or did Guy Hazelwood's face grow stern and pale in the wax-lights?

"His name is Murty Dobbin," he answered, in a hard, queer voice. "He was born a Cornish yeoman, though by profession he is simply a black-guard. He hates me, the villain! because I took from him the woman he wished to marry."

Dolly sat like one petrified.

"What do you mean?"

"I robbed him of the girl whom he was trying to make his wife by force, and married her myself," said Guy Hazelwood, leaning on the mantel, and gazing straight down into the fire. "It is a miserable story, Dorothy—God forbid that I should call it out of its grave to-night! I married her; the Divorce Court freed me from her a few years after, and later yet—she died!"

Deep silence. Only the rain clattered against the library window, and the fire snapped in the low steel grate.

"How strange!" said Dolly, as soon as she could command her voice. "I did not dream that you were ever married, Cousin Guy! Is the fact known—here, among your guests, I mean?"

"Yes; but out of consideration for me it is not spoken of, Dolly."

She put out her hand involuntarily. He took it—pressed it close; but with a strange pallor on his face, a strange gleam in his blue eyes—those eyes which alone had power to stir Dolly Hazelwood's blood. Under the ashes of Guy's dark, sorrowful past, lurid coals still smoldered.

"I suppose I may not ask you about her?" murmured Dolly, burning with curiosity. "Not even her name?"

He seemed struggling with some deep agitation.

"Her name was Jacquita. She had Spanish blood in her, and she was a wild, splendid creature, who might have been subdued by kindness and forbearance, neither of which she received in any very great measure from her husband. She is dead—let her rest in peace. God forgive me! I was more to be blamed than she for the misery of our lives, for she was little more than a child."

Dolly looked at him with steady, searching eyes. Had he loved his low-born wife—for such she was, the girl knew, otherwise he would not have carried her off from a Cornish yeoman? Divorced and dead—what a dreary fate! A pang of genuine pity for the unknown, unfortunate Jacquita thrilled Dolly. She was about to speak again, when the library door opened, and Lady Evelyn Radstock, radiant in dinner toilet, stepped into the room.

Her ladyship started back with a jealous, reddening face at sight of the pair by the fire. She already began to regard the American girl as a dangerous rival.

"Oh," she cried, suspiciously, "I am *de trop* I see."

"Not at all, dear Lady Evelyn," answered Dolly, with a feigned yawn; "you may take my place. I have a headache, and am going to bed. I assured Cousin Guy but a moment ago that you would soon appear;" and, with a wicked smile Dolly dawdled out of the library.

The sun was shining in a cloudless sky when she went down to breakfast the next morning. Beside her plate lay a letter—a square yellow envelope, superscribed in the familiar spidery hand of Aunt Prue. News from Sea View—from her quaint little birthplace, on the faraway Massachusetts

shore. Dolly broke the seal eagerly. The letter was full of Sea View gossip—all the births, marriages and deaths—the "matching, hatching, and dispatching" which had occurred in the town since Dolly's departure were faithfully chronicled therein.

"I miss you more than I can tell, Dolly," wrote Aunt Prue, and here the words looked blurred and indistinct, as if tears had fallen on them. "Since you went away nothing has seemed to me just as it did before. Some things *have* changed in reality—Cuckoo North, the little lame girl who was fond of you, died yesterday of scarlet fever—sick only twenty-four hours, and all that Doctor Stephen and his kind could do, availed nothing. He was very fond of his sister, as you know, and he is dreadfully cast down by her loss."

"I suppose you are happy with your grand new friends, Dolly. Be sure that no good fortune can befall the child of my niece Hetty, which I shall not rejoice in; but this I say to you again—put not your faith in a Hazelwood, nor pin your trust to one of your father's people."

Dolly folded up her letter gravely. How far removed she now seemed from that little world at Sea View! Poor Cuckoo! She was sorry for the child's death—sorry for Doctor Stephen's woe—truly, unaffectedly sorry. She caught Guy Hazelwood's questioning eyes, and said briefly, "A letter from America—Doctor North's sister is dead." Then she went through the form of breakfast, and as soon as it was over, Mrs. Hazelwood and her son went off to prepare messages of condolence for Stephen North, and Dolly slipped away unheeded to her own room.

She put on her outer garments, tied her Gainsborough hat over her rich red hair, drew on her pearl-tinted gloves, and descending the grand staircase unobserved, walked swiftly away down the long avenue, and out into the open road.

The day was perfect. The hedge-rows glittered with last night's rain, the speckled lark was singing over the Summer meadows. Yew trees bordered the highway, and under their shadow Dolly went on till the high ivied wall of the Priory came in sight, and its red towers appeared rising over the top of the waking park. The couchant lions of the entrance-gate confronted her—the gate itself was open—she passed through and saw a footman in livery advancing from the square gate-house.

"This way, miss," he said, and turned from the main avenue into a secluded lime walk. Following its cool dark windings for many minutes, he brought Dolly to a retired portion of the grounds, and to a little garden hidden from the house by gigantic beech trees, and as silent and lonely evidently as a desert oasis. Narrow paths led away here and there through thickets of flowers. In the centre of the place gleamed a bit of ornamental water, fringed with willows and ferns, and by its brink, in a twisted garden chair, sat Lady Dane, throwing crumbs to the swans that were sailing about the placid surface, with feathers ruffled like the petals of the flowers. Her ladyship was in black from head to foot. Her veil was down, and she wore a loose wrap thrown carelessly about her shoulders. She paid no heed to the approaching pair till they stood close beside her by the brink of the water. Then she flung her last crumbs to the swans, arose and looked at her footman.

"You may go now, Nixon," she said.

Nixon vanished. Lady Dane took a step forward, and confronted her visitor. Ruth Carew and Hetty Hazelwood's daughter stood face to face at last.

CHAPTER XXIII.—LOVE AND DEATH.

AS SNORT, a clatter, a shriek, and along the sandy street of Sea View a pair of runaway horses, attached to a light carriage, came flying, like an incarnate whirlwind.

The reins were trailing under the heels of the frightened creatures, and a few rods back, at the nearest corner, lay the colored coachman, prostrate and stunned in the dust of the road. Two ladies still remained in the vehicle, clinging to each other in mortal terror.

"Oh, Mrs. Fanning," gasped Myra Nugent, "are we going to be killed?"

"God only knows!" sobbed Mrs. Fanning, and at that moment the horses made a sudden plunge and brought up against a fence. The pole of the carriage snapped, and the occupants were thrown violently out—the elder into the gutter, the younger against a neighboring stone gate-post. With the wreck of the vehicle at their heels the animals fled wildly on down the streets.

The first to reach the fallen ladies was Doctor Stephen North, who had witnessed the catastrophe from the piazza of the Sea View House. He snatched up the frail, silken-draped body of Myra Nugent, and his heart sank as he looked at her. Never under the coffin-lid would her face be whiter. The ghastly impress of mortal injury was upon it. He placed his hand on her heart. A faint, almost imperceptible, pulse alone told him that she lived.

"God help her!" thought Stephen North. "I fear that this is the end of all!"

The hotel was close at hand. Thither the unfortunate girl was carried. Mrs. Fanning, who had sustained no injuries beyond a few bruises, wrung her hands in abject fright.

"Oh, Doctor North," she cried, as the two stood together in Myra Nugent's luxurious chamber, looking down upon her as she lay stretched out on her white bed, "can she—will she live?"

Doctor North shook his head. He had grown haggard and care-worn since Cuckoo's death; his face was thinner and infinitely sadder than of old.

"I cannot say," he answered. "She is hurt internally, I fear. It would be well to telegraph to Boston for another physician."

"No," said Mrs. Fanning, firmly; "if you cannot save her, no one can. If Myra could speak, she would wish for none but you. You will do all that can be done, I feel assured."

The room was darkened. A hastily summoned nurse took her place beside the bed. Myra Nugent lay on her soft, ruffled pillows in a helpless stupor. Her transparent hands, blazing with costly jewels, rested outside the cover; the long motionless lashes hung to her wasted cheeks. Stephen North

surveyed her with an infinite pity swelling in his heart. He had tried so hard and so long to save her, and this was the end of it all!

"Don't leave her, Doctor North," entreated Mrs. Fanning. "If she comes to herself, let her find you here."

He was more troubled than he cared to show.

"I will not leave her," he answered, "though I fear—greatly fear that little can be done for her in any way. If she has relatives or friends, Mrs. Fanning, you should summon them at once."

"She has no relatives save some far-off cousins, for whom she cares nothing, and no friends that she would wish to see now. She is past twenty-one, you know—she entered into full possession of her property weeks ago. Her will is made, and all her earthly affairs, I think, settled."

The two sat down in that darkened room to await the decision of Fate. The moments dragged wearily on into hours, and still there was no change in the patient. The purple and gold of sunset flushed the calm sea, and streamed across the muffled windows of the room. Darkness fell. Then, of a sudden, Doctor North saw the transparent hands upon the counterpane stir slightly, Myra Nugent's pale lids trembled—she opened her eyes.

"They were close around her in a moment—nurse, physician, and her devoted chaperon; but her confused gaze wandered away from the other faces, and became fixed upon Stephen North.

"I am going to die—am I not?" she murmured, feebly.

He hesitated, but only for a moment.

"My poor child, can you bear to hear the truth?"

"Yes, yes! I want to hear it—don't deceive me, Doctor North."

"I will not. You are badly hurt. I fear you cannot live till morning."

She lay voiceless and motionless for a space, then she looked up brightly.

"Send the others away," she said. "I want to speak to you alone."

The nurse and Mrs. Fanning stepped into an adjoining room, and Doctor North was left alone with his patient. Her face was more like that of a galvanized corpse than of a living, breathing woman as she held out to him her frail hand.

"Do you wish for anything, my poor child?" he said, tenderly and pitifully.

"Oh, yes!" groaned Myra Nugent; "if I could only tell you!"

"You must—you can," he urged. "Speak freely. Is it something which you wish of me?"

The great, sad tears rose and overspread her hollow eyes.

"Yes, yes! But you will think me bold, and forward, and unmaidenly, if I say it."

"I will think you nothing of the kind," he answered, in a troubled voice. "Every human heart should have the privilege of making its last requests known."

She kept that hungry gaze of hers fastened on his face.

"I shall be dead by morning-light," she said.

"In spite of my money, and the things that money brings, I have never known much pleasure in the world, Doctor North. And now I would like to be happy once—just once—really and truly, before I die."

She looked up at him piteously and appealingly. Her small weak fingers clutched about his own, and held them in a desperate, despairing way. He bent over her. His own face was pale and very grave.

"Myra, do you wish to be my wife—will you be my wife, poor child, for the few hours that are left to you?"

A flash of unutterable joy lit her hollow eyes. He had saved her from speaking the hard, hard words. Her thin, jeweled fingers pressed his strong hand gratefully.

"Oh, so gladly!" she murmured. "You are kind—most kind! I do wish it. It cannot harm you, and it will make me content to die."

Love unutterable looked up at him from her small, pinched face. For months her hopeless passion for him had been an inward fever, preying on her very vitals. Doctor North struggled for an instant with himself, then stooped again, and kissed her forehead.

"I know the pastor of this parish," he said gently. "I will go and find him at once. Everything shall be made ready within the hour. Now let me call Mrs. Fanning and the nurse, to remain with you till I come back."

She nodded, with a radiant, transfigured face. To this girl, starved in the midst of plenty, it seemed an infinitely great thing to have her heart's desire, even at her death-hour. As Mrs. Fanning entered, Stephen North stepped forward to meet her.

"Miss Nugent has consented to marry me," he said, quickly; "now—this very hour. Make no objections, I beg you—there is no time for any."

Mrs. Fanning glanced from his face to that other on the ruffled pillow, and comprehended everything without words. She, too, bent and kissed Myra, and a few tears which she could not repress fell on the girl's white cheek.

"My poor dear child!" was all she could say.

"Don't pity me," whispered Myra Nugent, with that radiant light still shining in her eyes, "at least, not now. I am to be his wife—to belong to him for a few blessed moments in this world. Can I ask for anything more?"

Doctor North snatched up his hat and descended to the street. Fortunately the Sea View clergyman was at home. The doctor's interview with him did not occupy many minutes, and the other preparations necessary for the occasion were soon arranged. As he turned to retrace his steps to the hotel he found himself pausing involuntarily at the gate of the old brown parsonage. It was open. He hurried up the walk, lifted the latch of the cottage and entered.

In the shabby, familiar parlor sat Miss Prue, all in rusty black, as usual, taking her solitary cup of tea. She had aged greatly since Dolly's departure; her hair was whiter, her old eyes seemed to have grown dim with much weeping. The picture she made there, at that round table, with only a small black teapot for company, was sad enough. At sight of Doctor North, however, she started up,

with a glad light breaking over her sombre face.

"God bless you, Doctor Stephen!" she cried out, heartily, "you never pass my door without stopping to look in. Sit down—sit down, and let me pour—"

She stopped, seeing something odd in his face. He stood looking round the room, as if in search of some object which was not there. Strange that Doctor North could never rid himself of that habit when he entered the parsonage—strange he could never realize that Dolly Hazelwood's cool, creamy face was not ready to start out of some corner to meet him there! Her old piano stood in its place, with her music—much of it was his gift—folded on the top, just as she had left it. Her books and little nick-nacks were all about—nothing that belonged to her had been put out of sight. The very grasses which she had plucked in a walk with him, weeks before, over the Sea View marshes, still filled the old china vases on the mantel. Merciful God! How her memory rushed back upon him at that moment! He could almost see her, novel in hand, and soft, ruddy hair in a big girlish plait, starting up, like a burst of sunshine, in the silence and gloom of the deserted room.

"No tea for me, Miss Prue," said Doctor North, as the old woman reached for the little black pot, "I come to ask you to my wedding. Don't start. If you have the heart to witness so sad a ceremony, put on your bonnet and shawl at once. I am to marry Miss Nugent this very hour. She has been thrown from her carriage—she is dying."

Miss Prue searched his grave, sad face a moment, then arose from her table without a word, and put on her black bonnet and shawl, and her black cotton gloves. In silence she followed him out of the house, locked the door, and dropped the key in her pocket. Swiftly the two walked away to the hotel.

Doctor North found the condition of his patient unchanged. She looked brighter, indeed, but that was because of her new happiness. The glitter of excitement lighted her eyes, and a smile which made her wasted face almost beautiful hovered about her lips. Mrs. Fanning had heaped a console-table, near by, with flowers, the odor of which filled the sumptuous room with incense. Miss Prue took a seat silently in a corner. The step of the clergyman was already audible on the stairs—a moment after he was in the room. The ornate clock on the mantel was just striking nine when Stephen North took the hand of Miss Nugent in his own, and heard the solemn words of marriage pronounced over him. A hush, as if death were already there, filled the chamber. The bridegroom's face was like gray stone—the wan bride lay upon her pillows motionless, almost breathless. When the ceremony was over, the clergyman and the three witnesses stepped into the adjoining room, and left the two together.

"Lift me in your arms," entreated the pale bride; "let me rest on your heart just once, Doctor North."

He raised her gently, put her young head down upon his shoulder, and smoothed it with a tender touch.

"Years from now," she murmured feebly, "when you think of this night, do not blame me. Remember only that I loved you as I never loved anything else in the world, and that by this act you made your poor foolish girl happy in her death. Of late—yes, even before Cuckoo died, I noticed it—you have been sad and care-worn; you have not seemed as you did before that handsome Miss Hazelwood went away to England. Sometimes I have fancied that she carried your heart with her, Doctor Stephen." Her dull eyes searched his face wistfully, "Did you love her? I would like much to know."

(To be continued.)

CENTENNIAL CURIOSITIES.

THE MINOR ATTRACTIONS OF THE EXPOSITION—THE CHINESE EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN BUILDING—QUAINT AND EXPRESSIVE CHARACTER-GROUPS FROM SWEDEN.

THE CARVED IVORY PAGODA.

ONE of our illustrated Centennial pages of this issue affords an object-description of some of the most notable curiosities in the Chinese section of the Exhibition. One of the most curious exhibits in the Main Building is the carved ivory pagoda, represented in the centre of our engraving. It is a perfect pagoda, or Chinese tower, in miniature, four and a half feet high. It has ten stories, each story being capped by one of those peculiar projecting roofs so well known from tea-caddie art. Pagodas have no use in China except as ornaments and observatories for cities. They are, as far as possible, located on eminences; and when suitable elevations are not in a city, the pagodas are built on hills outside the walls. The number of pagodas in a city depends on the size of the latter. Chinese cities are of four classes. In a city of the fourth class there are five pagodas; in one of the third class, ten; in one of the second class, fifteen; and in one of the first class, twenty. The height of these towers is generally from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet. The joss-houses are used for worship, but the cut-todians of the towers are joss-men, to whom a small fee is handed by visitors. The pagoda stands on the centre of an ivory base, representing a plot of ground inclosed by a fence of ivory posts, supporting carved ivory panels that must be scrutinized closely to be distinguished from the finest flowered lace. Within the arc is a portal which would pass as a miniature of the one at the western entrance to the Chinese Section. In the plot about the tower are four trees heavily laden with fruit, and in their shade Celestials, young and old, male and female, are scampering about, and having a jolly time. The Chinese manifest in their pictures and statues of the human form either their inability to accurately represent it, or a delight in burlesquing it after the most outlandish fashion. The tower is hexagonal and slightly pyramidal. At each edge is a round support running from top to bottom. These six supports brace the main portion of the structure, which consists of sheets of carving, having the same similarity to elegant Belgian lace as the panels of the fence. Each story is encircled just above the capping of the next lower story by a railing similar in construction to the fence, and from the four corners of each of the ten cappings

are suspended as many bells. This pagoda does not, like some of the other ivory carvings, consist of only one solid mass, but of many pieces cunningly joined together by the overlapping and dovetailing process, without nail, pin or cord. If Americans had the patience, and, as may be added, the skill, to execute a work like this, they could not sell it profitably for less than \$6,500. The Chinese, however, have marked it \$600. The carvings of wood, as well as of ivory, in this section, command the admiration of all who see them. In the amount of patient labor required for their execution, there are no carvings at the Exhibition that approach them, and some of them can scarcely be excelled in beauty by any in the world.

THE FLOWER BOATS.

There are two carved ivory flower boats in the collection. These are of the same delicate workmanship as is shown in the walls of the pagoda.

THE ENAMELED BRONZE VASE.

A vase, not more curious for its great age than its odd execution, is exhibited. It is of bronze, enameled with porcelain, and displays, upon a groundwork of blue, all those varieties of color which none but a Chinaman could daub on promiscuously, and yet produce the most curious hobgoblin shapes. The vase is two and a half feet high. The bowl is supported on the backs of three water-hens—birds having the feet of a chicken and the body of a duck. Each bird stands on a bell-shaped vessel of the same material that composes the bowl. The handles are shaped like Indian war clubs, and each is connected with the bowl at only one point. Around the centre of the bowl, and on the rim of the cover and the edges of the handles, are bands of brass, mixed with gold to prevent oxidation. This vase is over eleven hundred years old, and its price is \$1,250.

THE BAMBOO EASY-CHAIR.

An immense easy-chair, doubtless intended for an extremely obese mandarin, and large enough to hold both Presidential candidates at once, figures among the curiosities. The frame is of bamboo and the beds of ratan. The back can be raised or lowered, and the bed for the lower extremities pushed forward or backwards under the seat, at will. Its age is unknown, but it is believed to have been made before the fall of the Western Empire.

THE IRON-WOOD MAN.

A wonder in wood-carving is an iron-wood figure about two feet high, representing a man standing on a ragged tree-stump, and resting with both hands on a staff, in the middle of which is a knob supporting his right foot. All these are carved out of one block of wood. The man's dress is that of the native Indian, and the folds, as well as the rest of the figure, are executed with remarkable truthfulness to nature. The carving is evidently not a Chinese work, but was probably obtained from India. The man's frizzled mustache and beard, and long, curly hair, as well as his physiological appearance, confirm this statement. When it is known that Asiatic wood-carvers work for fifteen cents a day, it will not surprise the reader to learn that this carving is marked \$40.

THE MANDARIN'S PROCESSION.

Another set of wood carvings represents a mandarin, or mayor of a city, carried in a sedan chair by four coolies, and preceded by a company of Chinamen, on the way to receive a newly-arrived consul or other distinguished visitor. All these figures are carved out of hard wood, the representations of men being almost faultless. The first two processionists carry banners bearing the name and title of the mandarin, the next two swell their cheeks at bamboo horns, some carry Chinese flags, and others (high officials) drawn swords. The more ragged fellows carrying the flags and banners, the more respectable the pageant is considered.

THE ARCHED BEDSTEAD.

The frame of the arched bedstead is of pine, and the mattress support of woven cords made from the inner bark of a certain tree, covered with woven ratan. Resting on the ends of the bed is an arched canopy, consisting of a wooden frame, elaborately carved in imitation of flowers and fruit, and covered with silk gauze, upon which fantastical Oriental figures are painted.

THE BRONZE DOG.

A demon-like, clawed, bronze figure, about eighteen inches high, and bearing some resemblance to a dog, is a fair specimen of the hideous but artistic work in bronze, executed by the Celestials over fifteen centuries ago. This dog has a flat face with four horrible tusks, and is endeavoring with his left claw to separate himself from a bronze ball connected with his neck by a rod and ring of the same metal.

Other figures shown in the illustration of the Chinese department are a quaint *doisomé* porcelain ornament for the table, from Canton, representing an old man with a long staff and very priest-like whiskers and gown, and a queer teapot in bronze, chiefly commendable for its ugliness.

THE SWEDISH CHARACTER-GROUPS.

All day long, and every day, the visitor to the western end of the Main Building will notice knots of much interested spectators gathered about certain groups of strangely costumed and strange-featured human figures—they are not human, upon a second and more critical glance, but only plaster—in the Swedish Section. At the Philadelphia Exposition, no trait of curiosity among the visitors is more distinctly developed than that which is manifested in the desire of the lookers-on to see "people"—the peoples of distant countries and climes. Evidences of such a spirit may be witnessed daily at the Chinese and Japanese Sections, in the Tunisian Coffee-house, the Turkish Bazaar, or the Arab tents. The Swedish authorities have done the next best thing to bringing their peasantry here and exhibiting them in their everyday life, by sending groups of plaster figures dressed in the costumes of the different provinces, painted as to their faces and hands with a verisimilitude and accuracy that is really wonderful. The artist who made the figures is Professor Tiddermann, of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm, a sculptor of great reputation. Most of the subjects of the groups are taken from valuable paintings in the royal collection of the National Museum. Everybody recognizes the striking likeness of these figures to "the human form divine." In the illustration on another page we present our readers with accurate sketches of the principal groups.

In the province of Dalarna, in the central of the three grand geographical divisions of Sweden, the peasants of the various parishes are distinguished by different avocations. In the parish of Mora every man is a maker of rude but good and cheap clocks, in the long Winter days when no farming can be done. All the women in the parishes wear coarse woolen petticoats "crimped" with an iron into

grooves. The shoes are very heavy, with thick soles surmounted by coarse colored stockings. In Winter they have a sheepskin jacket with the wool inside. The head-dress is either a handkerchief, a sort of close-fitting hood, or a high, funnel-shaped bonnet. One of the groups referred to represents the death of a peasant's child in the parish of Rättvik, in the province of Dalarna. The young married man is holding the Holy Bible in one hand, and resting the other on the head of his eldest daughter. The old grandfather is there. The central figure is that of the young mother, who is deploring the loss of her new-born babe in the cradle. The coffin lies near by.

Another group illustrated is that of three figures, two women and a young man, the latter observing the former as the younger woman is "asking the frill" from the chrysanthemum, nicknamed in Sweden "The Peasant's Laziness," because its growth is evidence of neglected tillage. In America it is a common thing to ask the lover's fate from the well-known many-rayed flower, the foretelling English phrase, "He loves me—He loves me not," giving the prediction.

The other figures in the illustration are similar characters, showing peasant life and costume in Lapland, Norway, and Skone, the "fat," densely populated county of Sweden.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Alpine Clubs.—There was a Congress of Alpine Clubs at Latoja and Florence on June 10th and 11th. Several expeditions were arranged.

Scientific Journey.—M. L. Estourgies has been charged by the Belgian Government, in company with M. Sylvain Jacquemin, civil engineer, to make a scientific journey through the Transvaal Republic.

New York Academy of Science recently held an adjourned meeting at the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, on which occasion Professor Wagner presented some new and interesting researches on sound.

The American Geographical Society held a meeting on the 10th of July in honor of several distinguished foreigners who were then in the United States, among the most noted of whom may be mentioned the Emperor of Brazil, Professor Nordenskjöld and Dr. Peterman.

Ethnography of Russia.—M. de Mainot, Secretary of the Ethnographical Section of the Russian Geographical Society, has announced to the Society that he is preparing a complete treatise on Russian ethnography. It will appear in parts, each containing a description of a section of the people.

A Big Blast.—A blast of 1,000 kegs of powder was recently fired off in the Blue Tent Diggings, Nevada, which raised and loosened up, ready for hydraulic working, about 200,000 cubic yards of dirt. The bank was over 200 feet in height over the part where the powder was exploded. The explosion raised the whole mass bodily to a height of four feet.

Artificial Vanilla.—Artificial vanilline, which was first made known about a year ago, is now in great demand as a substitute for the natural vanilla. The native article comes from tropical countries, while the artificial can be made in a very economical manner from the sap of pine trees. It is said that the artificial vanilline will flavor ices and articles of food quite as readily as the product of the native bean.

Large Steel Ingot.—The Pennsylvania Steel Company at Baldwin have cast the largest steel ingot ever molded in America, and equal to any made in England. The ingot is 10 feet long, and has 29 inches square section. Its solid contents is 100,000 cubic inches and its weight 25,000 pounds. This mass has been sent to the Centennial Exhibition. The Edgar Thomson Works has rolled what, considering its weight, is claimed to be the largest steel rail in the world. It measures 120 feet, weighs 82 pounds per yard, and is a perfect rail in every respect. It will also be sent to the Centennial.

An Unknown Benefactor of Science.—A citizen of Rochester, N. Y., who does not wish his name to be published, has, through Professor Henry A. Ward, of that city, given to the University of Virginia a sum of \$25,000 to be expended in the formation of a fully appointed cabinet of the natural sciences, including mineralogy, geology and zoology. The same gentleman has given a building, at a cost of more than \$20,000, to be erected in the University grounds. Professor Ward will visit the principal cities of Europe in search of material for the collection.

The American Geographical Society in New York has purchased a large building which it proposes to fit up very much after the manner of a club-house, for the use of its members. The extensive library and valuable collection of charts belonging to the Society will now be thrown open to the use of the members. The rooms of the Society will no doubt become the rendezvous of all of the distinguished travelers who visit our shores, and the monthly receptions will bring together the best talent of our city. The Society will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary in its new quarters.

A New Chemical Law.—Professor Henry Wurtz, of Hoboken, has published in the *American Chemist* a new theory of molecular volumes. He claims that there is a constant temperature of nature, which is normal for all substances, and is about 1° centigrade, and that at this temperature all molecules will have diameters which will refer to a molecular diameter for ice of 2.7, expressed in even tenths for multiples. This application of geometry to chemistry is highly instructive, and the results obtained by Professor Wurtz are such as will be likely to attract the notice of scientific men everywhere.

Extraction of Oils by Bi-Sulphide of Carbon.—The extraction by means of bi-sulphide of carbon on a large scale was first effected by C. O. Heyl, and dates back to 1864. It has now become an industry of considerable magnitude, and affords a method for preparing a great variety of oils economically and of perfect purity. Machine and spindle oils are prepared from rapeseed oil, and purified fatty petroleum, castor oil, maize seed, and cotton-seed oil, and linseed oil are also manufactured by this process in their purest season. The establishment in Germany now manufactures various products of the value of \$1,000,000 per annum by means of bi-sulphide of carbon.

New Safety Matches.—The loss of property by fire occasioned by the careless use of matches has become so great of late, that the underwriters are seriously contemplating the necessity of insisting on the use of the safety match lately introduced. The sad loss of life from the same cause has attracted equal attention. The new style of match manufactured in the United States contains neither sulphur nor phosphorus. They are not affected by dampness, as they are tipped with paraffine, which is not in the least affected by moisture. As no phosphorus is used in their manufacture, the workmen are not exposed to the poisonous fumes of that substance, and children cannot be poisoned if, as is frequently the case, they bite off the end of the match. The matches are made of chloride of potash, some coloring matters, and paraffine. In order to fire them it is necessary to strike them off on paper prepared with sulphur and sulphide of antimony. By themselves they cannot be fired by friction or hammering, in which respect they are more safe than the Swedish match. The new invention is called the American fusee match.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. AUGUST BELMONT is at Saratoga.

MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is at Cumington, Mass.

THE Sultan of Turkey is reported better. His entire recovery is now nearly certain.

GENERAL TOM THUMB is said to have exchanged his yacht *Maggie B.* for a solitaire diamond worth \$3,000.

ERICSSON is experimenting, with the object of obtaining mechanical power from the direct action of the sun's rays.

CAPTAIN J. N. OSTROM, of the victorious Cornell crew, is now acting as curator of the college buildings at Ithaca.

ROBERT BURNS BEGG, of Kinross, son of Robert Burns's youngest sister, died recently. He was a well-known Scottish teacher.

WHITTIER is spending the Summer at the Isle of Shoals. He appears rarely in public, and thus keeps the curious at a distance.

GENERAL JOE LANE is living in a small frame house on the spur of Rogue River Mountain, in Oregon. He is eighty-three years old.

GENERAL FRANK T. NICHOLS, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Louisiana, is a nephew of James Rodman Drake, the poet, who wrote the "Culprit Fay."

A FRENCH Florence Nightingale has just died, at the age of sixty-eight—"Sister Martha," known in the armies of the Crimea and of Italy as the "little mother."

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS, of Indiana, received calls from a number of prominent gentlemen in this city August 10th, and in the afternoon left with his family for Indianapolis.

CARDINAL DONNET, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who is also a Metropolitan of some of the West India Islands, has sent a letter to the Pope urging the canonization of Christopher Columbus.

In an address before the Committee on Education of the Connecticut Legislature, Professor Thatcher of Yale College, said that Mr. Charles Morgan of this city has given altogether \$160,000 to advance the cause of education in that State.

CAPTAIN ISAAC BASSETT, the venerable door-keeper of the United States Senate, who has held that position for about forty years, was presented with a large portrait of himself, which was given by several of the older members of the Senate.

EX-COLONEL VALENTINE BAKER, late of the Tenth Hussars (British), has accepted a commission in the Turkish service, and leaves at once for the East. His camp equipment and celebrated Arab charger have already been shipped for the seat of war.

LIEUTENANT RUDIO, whose marvelous escape from the Sioux has been recently described, is the same Rudio who, in 1858, participated with Orsini, Gomez and Peri in the attempt to kill Napoleon III., by throwing hand bombs in his carriage in Paris.

THE Boston Board of Aldermen are considering the expediency of having copies painted of the portraits of Washington, Knox, Samuel Adams, Hancock and John Quincy Adams, to replace the original paintings now in Faneuil Hall, which the city council intend to remove to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

BARON OSTEN-SACKEN, formerly First Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, and now Russian Consul-General, is about to visit the Rocky Mountains, mainly for the purpose of investigating the natural history of Colorado, but more particularly its entomology, a branch of science which he has cultivated for years with great success.

QUEEN ISABELLA, on leaving France for Spain, wrote a letter to Marshal MacMahon expressing her thanks for the friendliness displayed towards her during her eight years' stay in France. Her Majesty added that she returned to her own country to join her children, but that she would retain her house in Paris, and intended dividing her time between France and Spain.

GOVERNOR TILDEN did not put pen to paper in the preparation of his letter of acceptance until within a week of its publication. He had been busily employed up to that time in other pressing matters, among which was the reply in the railroad suit, upon which elaborate searching of records was necessary. The original copy of the letter was changed very little before publication.

THE trustees of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore have been informed by cable that Dr. Henry N. Martin, formerly of University College, London, and now a fellow and lecturer in the University of Cambridge, England, accepts a position as professor in their University. Dr. Martin has been associated with Professor Huxley in the preparation of a work on biology.

AN extraordinary discovery in reference to the remains of the poet Crabbe is chronicled by the *Ligon* papers. He was rector of St. James's Church in the bridge, from 1814 to 1832, and upon his death church. latter year he was buried in the chancel of the church. Fifteen years afterwards the church was restored, and the workmen, to lower the floor, had to reduce the size of the vault of Crabbe. The skull was taken away, and all efforts to trace it were of no avail. The other day it was returned to the church, and was found in a box by some gentlemen who had been successful in finding it.

THE following anecdote is related in connection with several prima donnas, but it is said to have happened to Mme. Parepa-Rosa. During a tour to the north of England she was advertised to sing in *Lucia*. Before going to the theatre she had ordered a bowl of soup to be sent to her from a neighboring restaurant. The servant carried it to the theatre. Reaching the stage, the girl stepped boldly on the stage, and deposited the soup on the astonished heroine: "Please, my lady, when you have finished, there's the soup."

MR. G. CARLBERG, formerly conductor of the Struckosch Opera troupe, has organized an Italian Opera Company for the special purpose of producing for the first time in America Wagner's celebrated opera, "The Flying Dutchman," in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. The opera will be newly mounted, and the artists engaged by the new manager will doubtless do full justice to the great work. Mme. Eugénie Pappenheim will be the prima donna of the troupe; Signor Baccal, the tenor, and Mr. Preusser, the baritone. Chorus and orchestra will be of an unusual strength. The season opens on Monday, November 13th.

A VISITOR of intelligence and distinction, complaining of being kept in Washington during the heated term, says in a letter to a friend in this city: "But I have been rewarded by making the personal acquaintance of Senator Thomas F. Bayard. His lofty views, his loyalty to truth, and his own nature, his keen sense of justice and deep love of country, and his sympathies with humanity, make me consider this an inestimable privilege. His report on Mississippi, in my judgment, will place him above all living American Statesmen, and rank him with the best that have gone before him." Senator Bayard has just been made an LL.D. by the Delaware State College.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

GENERAL GREEN B. RAUM was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, July 26th, and on the 2d of August he entered upon the discharge of his duties, succeeding ex-Congressman Pratt, of New York. The new Commissioner is a lawyer by profession, and about fifty years of age. He served throughout the war in command of a brigade of Tennessee troops, and after the capitulation of Lee he removed to Cairo, Ill., from which city he was sent to the Fortieth Congress. He was nominated for the present session, and, running against Samuel Marshall and Mr. Anderson, was defeated. The position had previously been tendered to Congressman McDougall, of New York, who declined it.

MARKET SCENE IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

CONTINUING our illustrations of the city of San Antonio, Texas, we give a view of one of the three markets of the border metropolis, known as the Mexican Market. It is located on the Military Plaza. Several artificial streams of excellent water run through the city and suburbs, supplying a system of irrigation which enables the gardener to secure a full return for his labor, no matter how dry the season may be. It requires but little capital to commence business in these markets.

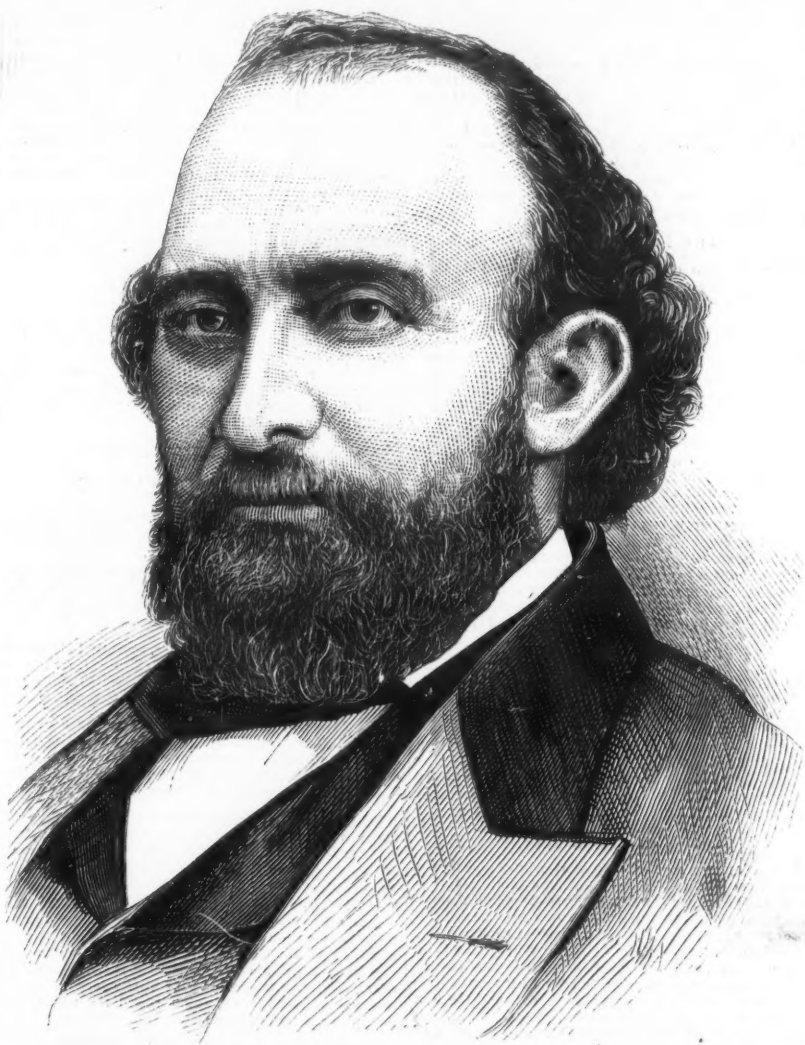
The vendors of chickens and red peppers, sweet potatoes and red peppers, butter and red peppers, cabbage and red peppers, and even the man who sells nothing but red peppers, pay ten cents for about ten feet square of ground for every time they occupy it. Not far from this market, and upon the same plaza, is the great church of San Antonio, the old Spanish cathedral, in which service is still conducted in the Spanish language, before an audience principally Mexican.

CENTENNIAL HEADS.

CHIEFS OF THE EXECUTIVE BUREAUX.

IN our issue of July 15th we published the portraits of several of the Chiefs of the Executive Bureaux at the Centennial Exposition; and in this paper we complete the series, with sketches of Messrs. Pettit, Norton, Torrey, Landreth, Miller, and Walker.

HENRY PETTIT, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF INSTALLATION, and Engineer and Architect of the Main Building and Machinery Hall, is about thirty-three years of age, studied at the University of Pennsylvania, held the position as engineer in the construction department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was sent to Europe by the late President Thomson in 1869 with a view to improving the construction of iron bridges, then about to be built by the company, and he originated the peculiar bridge now so much in use by that road. He was afterwards sent to Europe by the Executive Committee of the Centennial Commission to report on the engineering features of the Vienna Exhibition. That report is a marvel of completeness and interest. In the early stages of the Centennial Exhibition, Mr. Pettit was permitted by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to accept an engagement with the Exhibition authorities. His plans for the Main Building and Machinery Hall were finally adopted over numerous competitors, and the work, as it presents itself in



HON. GREEN B. RAUM, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

these two principal structures on the grounds, was superintended by him in person. He was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Installation, and has had, in the Main Building, the detailed arrangement of the exhibits of all countries.

CAPTAIN DOLPHUS TORREY, BUREAU OF TRANSPORTATION.—To Captain Torrey's skill and energy the much advanced state of the exhibits in the dif-

ferent buildings on opening day is in a large measure due. Exhibitors, especially the American ones, had delayed till almost the last moment to send in their goods, and consequently for a month before the opening all the railroads leading to the Exhibition were choked up with laden cars. To disentangle this, and get the goods into position, was Mr. Torrey's duty, and he performed the work so

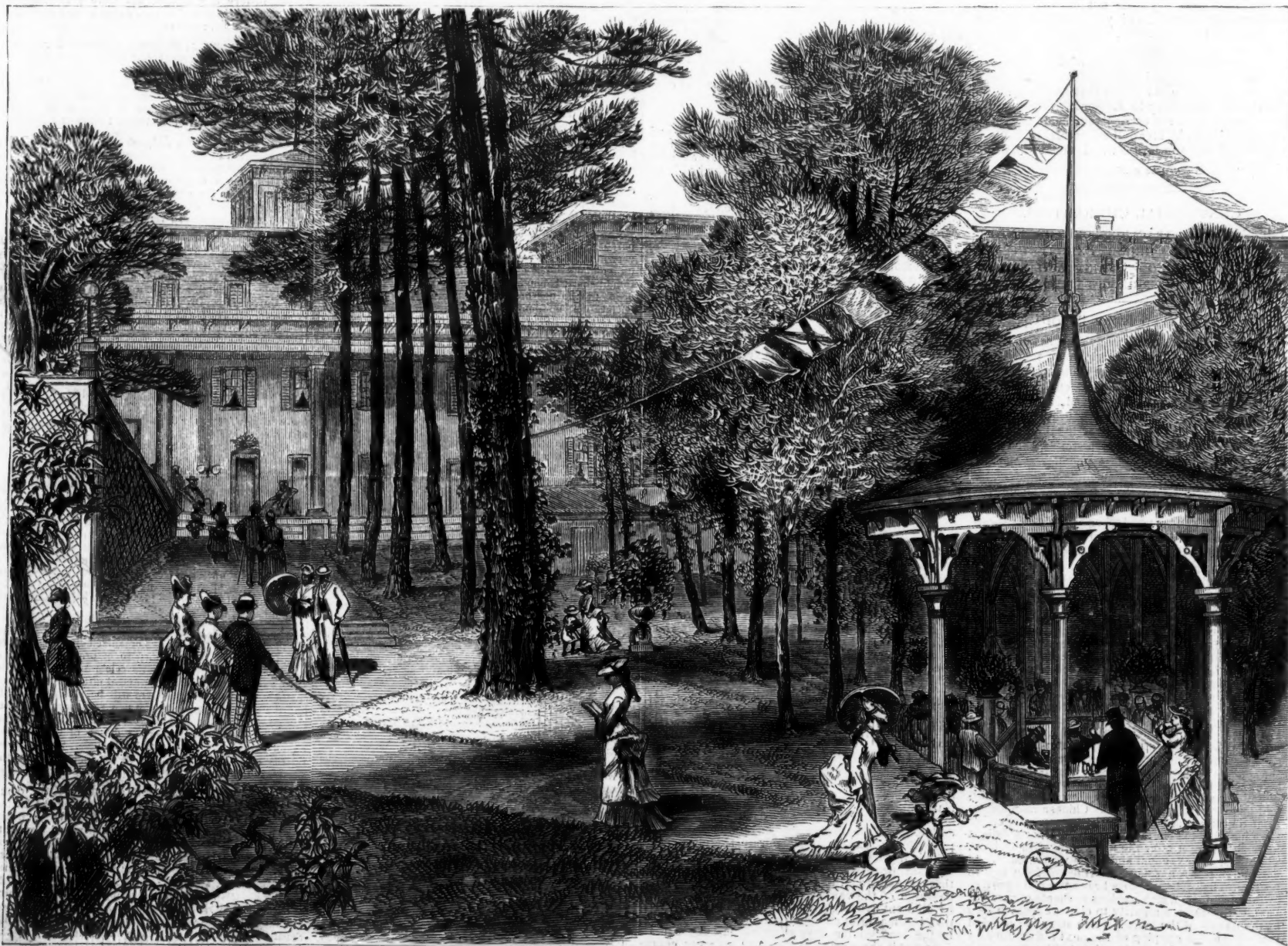
well that the Centennial Commission passed a special vote of thanks for his efficiency. He is forty-two years old, and a citizen of Philadelphia, though a native of Central New York, and is self-educated. He was a private soldier in the Second Ohio Infantry, and a captain in the Twentieth Iowa Infantry. His remarkable executive ability, especially in the transportation department of railroads, has, for twenty years, been increasing the facilities in that important work. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have availed themselves of his services, and of late the Pullman Palace Car Company.

BURNET LANDRETH, BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE.—Mr. Landreth is a Philadelphian, member of the firm of Landreth & Sons, the well-known seed-raisers. Mr. Landreth's farms on the Delaware and elsewhere have acquired a national reputation. He is a graduate of the Polytechnic College, served through the war, and has given satisfaction as Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture.

CHARLES H. MILLER, BUREAU OF HORTICULTURE.—Mr. Miller was born in London, is about forty years old, and studied in England, his business as nurseryman and landscape-gardener. For about twenty years he has been a resident of Philadelphia, where he has lately followed his business in the firm of Miller & Hayes, of Germantown. Mr. Miller has shown himself well qualified for the management of the horticultural exhibits of the Centennial.

GENERAL FRANCIS WALKER, BUREAU OF AWARDS.—General Walker, who came direct from his chair in Yale College to accept the highly responsible office of Chief of the International Jury of Awards, two hundred and twenty-five in number (half American and half European), was born at Boston, July 2d, 1840; graduated at Amherst College in 1860 with high honors. He began the study of law, but the war took him into the army in 1861, and he served until 1865, for the last two years as Assistant Adjutant-General. He was in the Second Army Corps, on the staffs of Generals Couch, Warren and Hancock. He was classical instructor at Williston Seminary, Massachusetts, from 1865 to 1867, and wrote on the editorial staff of the Springfield Republican in 1868. He was appointed to the charge of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, January, 1869; Superintendent of the Census in February, 1870, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, December, 1871, holding that office in addition to that of Superintendent of Census. He resigned the Commission of Indian Affairs in December, 1872, to accept the Professorship of Political Economy and History in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, retaining, however, the office (without salary) of Superintendent of Census. He was appointed to the position of Chief of the Bureau of Awards at the beginning of the year, but declined it for domestic and professional reasons. He was appointed again, May 22d, and has entered upon his important duties. He has published three quarto volumes of the Reports of the Ninth Census, (1872), which have made quite a stir in the literary and scientific world for the artificial manner in which they have been compiled, written and indexed. His elaborate papers on "The Indian Question" (1873), and "The Wages Question" (1876), and his "Statistical Atlas of the United States" (1874), have also put his name high on the roll of industrious and effective authors. He received a medal of the first class from the Geographical Congress at Paris, 1875; is an honorary member of the Statistical Society of London; and received his M.A. from Amherst and Yale, and Ph.D. from Amherst.

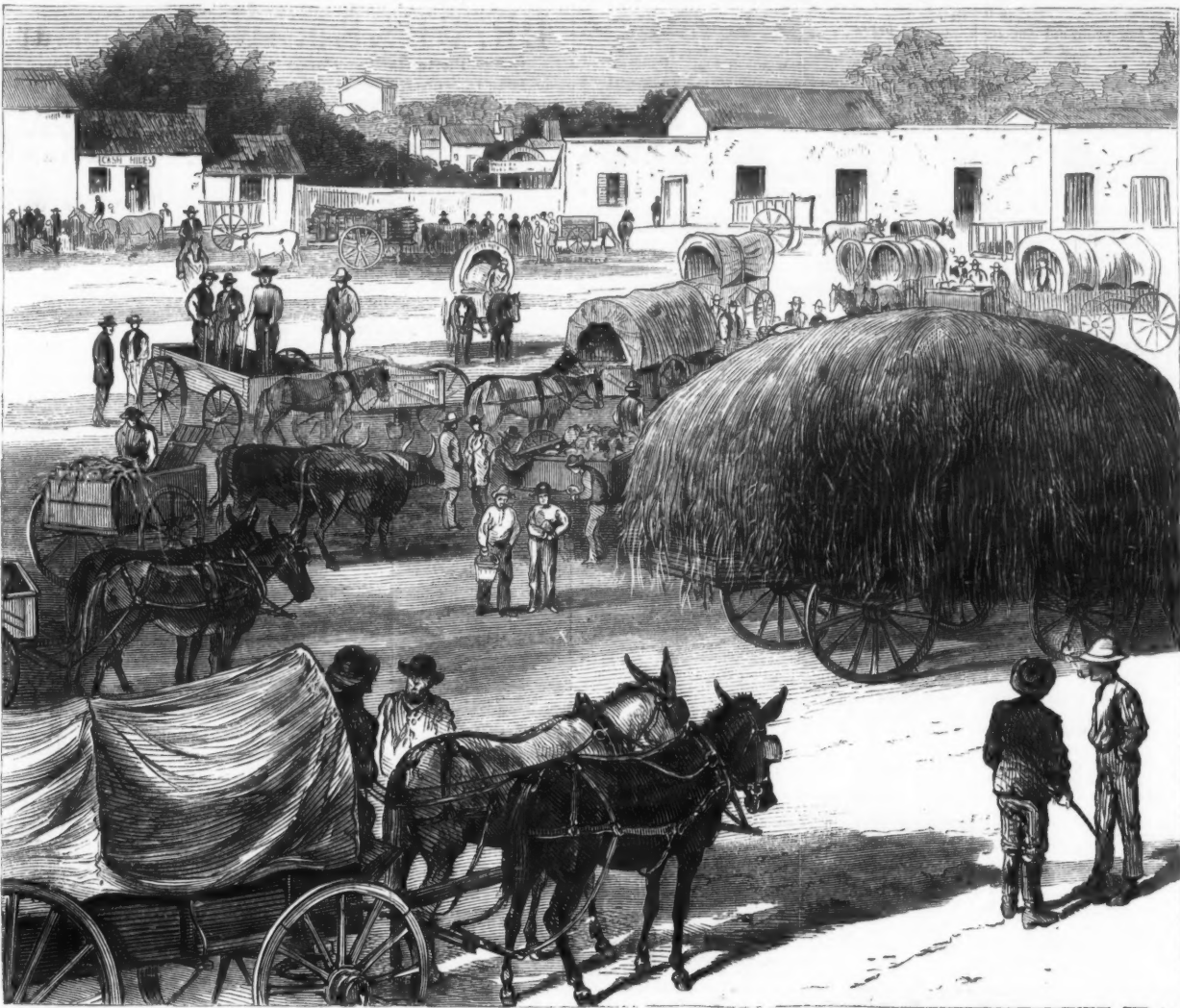
GENERAL CHARLES B. NORTON, CHIEF OF PRESS DEPARTMENT.—General Norton has been identified



NEW YORK.—THE CLARENDON HOTEL AND WASHINGTON SPRING AT SARATOGA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 414.

with the Exhibition from its earliest conception, which is due to him, the official report of the United States Centennial Commission giving him credit for having, in 1866, first publicly proposed this Exhibition. Called to Philadelphia by the Executive Committee early in 1873, General Norton was at once put in charge of the press and the publicity of the enterprise. No better selection could have been made. For thirty years he has been identified with the progress of our country, and specially in all that relates to the press. As juror of the New York Exhibition of 1853, and United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1867, General Norton had obtained a large experience which the Centennial Commission and Board of Finance found of real value. His reports and suggestions have always been considered with respect, and in many cases adopted. General Norton's organization of the press of the world, in connection with the Centennial, has been very serviceable. By the publication of well-designed views of the buildings, a better and more extended knowledge has been obtained of the United States Exhibition than of any other, especially in Europe, where these illustrations have been widely circulated. General Norton has charge of the issue of all the tickets to the press, and his kind and courteous management of this department has secured him many friends.

The Famous Gun Trick.
PHILIP ASTLEY, noted for his equestrian amphitheatre, is said to have begun life as a soldier, in



TEXAS.—MARKET-DAY ON THE MILITARY PLAZA IN SAN ANTONIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DREW & JACOBSON, SAN ANTONIO.

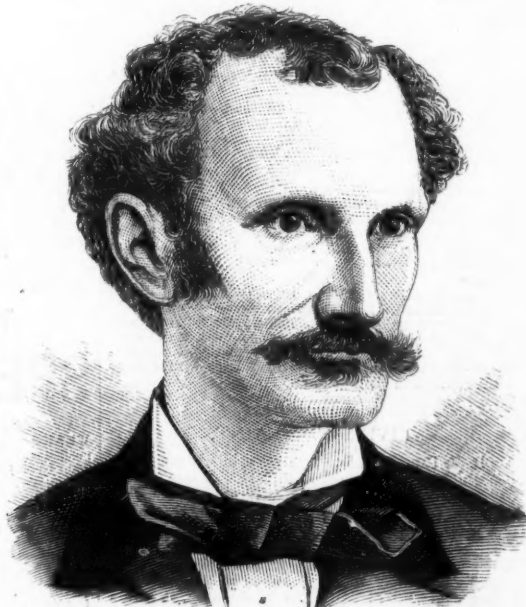
the required situation. It is related that Astley invented the trick to save the effusion of blood at the duel of two comrades in the army, for one of whom he acted as second. Succeeding in getting the other man's second to assent to the ingenious device, the duelists fired at each other without effect, and the affair was amicably adjusted. Mr. Frost mentions two instances in which the gun-trick proved fatal. One was that of a conjurer in Dublin, who was shot dead by the accidental substitution of a real loaded pistol for one in which the charge was withdrawn. The other took place in Germany, at the performance of a conjurer named de Linsky. He set up his wife to be fired at by six soldiers, each of whom was to bite the ball off his cartridge in charging his gun. Heedlessly, one of the soldiers did not bite off the ball, and Madame De Linsky was shot through the body. She died on the second day after the accident. The catastrophe clouded the latter years of the unfortunate conjurer. In the course of his travels Houdin visited Algiers, and there astonished the native Arabs with his performance of the gun-trick, which he did in a way somewhat peculiar. At one of his entertainments an old Arab admitted that monsieur was doubtless a great magician, but he should prefer to use one of his own pistols. Houdin said this might be done next day, after he had invoked the powers to assist him. It was a severe trial of skill, for there was some danger in dealing with a wary and suspicious barbarian. Next day the exploit came off. Houdin only stipulated that he should be allowed



HENRY PETTIT.



CHARLES B. NORTON.



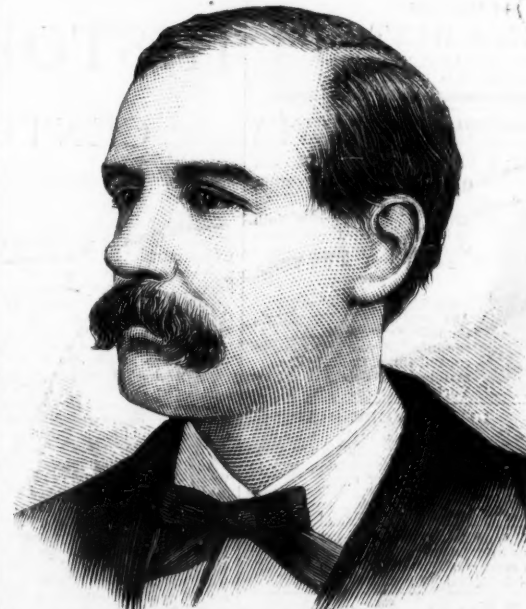
BURNET LANDRETH.

which capacity, when on foreign service with his regiment, he demonstrated his ability as a conjurer, by inventing the now famous gun-trick. This consists in pretending to fire a pistol loaded with a ball, and catching the ball on the point of a knife. The explanation of the trick is, that in the first place the pistol is secretly loaded only

to load the pistol, the Arab handing him a leaden bullet from a saucer from which to make his choice. This was agreed to. Houdin, as every one thought, dropped the leaden bullet into the pistol; but instead of doing so, he dropped a previously prepared sham bullet, which dissolved into dust on being fired. "Now," said



DOLPHUS TORREY.



FRANCIS WALKER.

with blank cartridge. In this harmless condition the conjurer slips into it a tin tube which nicely fits it, and then ostentatiously loads it with a ball. Before firing, the tin tube is dexterously removed, and when the weapon is fired, no harm ensues; by an instantaneous manœuvre the bullet is triumphantly exhibited as being caught in



CHARLES H. MILLER.

the conjurer to the Arab, "take the pistol, and fire at me, and I will catch the bullet in my mouth." The pistol was fired, and to the profound amazement of the crowd of Arabs Houdin took a leaden bullet out of his mouth, which all admitted to be the bullet that had been selected from the sanctified. To still further astonish the company, Houdin declared that by loading with another leaden ball he would bring blood out of a stone wall. All were eager to see this wonderful feat. It was performed in a way differing little from what had already taken place. Instead of dropping a real ball into the pistol, Houdin used a sham bullet filled with a red liquid, which dissolved on striking the wall. Wonder tremendous! We believe that Anderson in his gun-tricks was similarly in the habit of substituting light composition balls for real bullets, and was equally successful. It was all a matter of sleight-of-hand.

THE CLARENDON HOTEL AND WASHINGTON SPRING, SARATOGA.

THE Clarendon is the most southerly of the large Saratoga hotels. It is situated upon high ground on Broadway, directly opposite Congress Park and Spring, and is surrounded by venerable shade-trees which render it the coolest place at this favorite resort. During the past Winter the hotel was considerably enlarged, as well as thoroughly renovated. It now contains 400 rooms *en suite*, with bath accommodations, besides a number of private parlors. The lawn is threaded by graveled paths which lead to the Washington Spring, covered by a tasteful pagoda. This invigorating water was discovered in 1806, but was not regarded as especially valuable until a few years ago, when the spring was retubed and a shaft sunk to the depth of thirty feet to the sand rock below. It is a chalybeate or iron spring, possessing highly diuretic and tonic properties. The late Dr. Allen remarked of this spring the singularity that it was the first one tubed in that section of the mineral valley, and the last one which has been practically reclaimed and prepared for commercial use. Owing to its sparkling qualities, it is often called the "Champagne Spring." The Clarendon Hotel is perfect in all its appointments, and is justly celebrated as a choice family retreat during the heated season.

FUN.

DECEPTION one cannot see through—A glass eye. It would be better for proof-readers if all the Turkish generals were named Smith.

WHY may a tipsy man fall into the river with impunity? Because he won't drown as long as his head swims.

THE Oswego Palladium mentions James Clark and wife who were "born, died, and were buried on the same day." Jimmy and his wife must have been awfully young.

A COUNTRY subscriber informs us that while operating a reaping-machine the other day one of his cows got in front of it, and he soon had beef *à la mowed*.

THE only man in Vincennes, Ind., who doesn't own a 2:40 horse is a man who privately timed his trotter. The time was four minutes, and his horse passes all others.

THE NEW STYLE.—Brown (to friend in bath)—"Come and dine with us to-morrow, Jack?" Jack—"All right! Dress, of course?" Brown—"Oh, no; no ceremony, you know. Come just as you are!"

THE late Dr. — did not satisfy by his preaching the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor. "I never saw any ye had to renounce!"

IT was at a Paris restaurant, where he had dined with a friend and given the waiter a twenty-franc piece to pay for the meal. The waiter returns, and bringing the coin on the table, says: "Sir, it is bad." "Bad?" cries the guest; "don't you see the date—1835? If it were bad, do you think they would have let it remain in circulation so long?"

LIVER COMPLAINT.

By R. V. PIERCE, M.D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

The liver is the great depurating (purifying) organ of the system, and has very appropriately been termed the "housekeeper" of our health. I have observed in the dissecting-room, and also in making *post-mortem* examinations of the bodies of those who have died of different diseases, that in a large proportion of cases, the liver has given evidence of having at some time been diseased. Liver affections are equally prevalent in beasts. Every butcher knows that the livers of cattle, sheep and swine are ten times as frequently diseased as any other organ. A healthy liver each day secretes about two and a half pounds of bile. When it becomes torpid, congested, or if, from any other cause, it be disabled in the performance of its duties, it is evident that the elements of the bile must remain in the blood, thus irritating, poisoning and perverting every vital process. Nature attempts to rid the system of these noxious materials by means of other organs, as the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., which become overtaxed in performing their additional labor, and are unable to withstand the pressure.

The brain, which is the great electrical centre of all vitality, becomes overstimulated with unhealthy blood, and fails to normally perform its functions. Hence there is dullness, headache, impairment of the memory, dizziness, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. When the blood is diseased, the skin manifests discolored spots, pimples, blotches, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach and bowels, sooner or later, become affected, and constipation, piles, dyspepsia or diarrhea is the inevitable result.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart, a dry, teasing cough, sore throat, unsteady appetite, sour stomach, raising of the food, and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting, distress, heaviness, and a bloated or full feeling about the stomach or sides; aggravating pains in the side, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pains and soreness through the bowels; constipation, alternating with diarrhea; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities, rash of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs (especially at night) and chills, alternating with hot flashes; kidney and other urinary difficulties, dullness, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of these symptoms

will be likely to be present in one case at any one time.

TREATMENT.—Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small doses of his *Pleasant Purgative Pellets*, which act as an alternative on the liver. For Liver Complaint and the various affections caused by a distressed liver, these remedies are unsurpassed. The Golden Medical Discovery does not simply palliate the disease, but it produces a lasting effect. By its use, the liver and stomach are changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite is regulated, the blood purified and enriched, and the entire system renovated and restored to health.

The Discovery is sold by druggists. R. V. Pierce, M.D., Proprietor, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Indorsed by the fashionable world. 48 Box St., N. Y., and of druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

Dr. Van Holm, 161 Court Street, Boston, Mass. A reliable Physician. Consultation, by mail or at office, free. Office hours from 11 to 3.

Burnett's Cologne—in cork and glass stoppers—prepared from the purest and best materials—unrivalled in richness and delicacy of perfume.

Visitors to the International Exposition at Philadelphia should not fail to see the "Fisher Refrigerator," now on exhibition and in operation at K 11 Agricultural Hall. Address, J. Hyde Fisher, P. O. Box 170, Chicago, Ill.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age is Dr. Tobias's VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of Acues and Pains, also Cholera, Dysentery, Colic and Vomiting. Warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.

Landscape Gardening—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

The Big Conanza—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Trick Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, Pack Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Pack Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in one P. O. Box all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City. P. O. Box 3676.

The Great International Exposition—Visitors are cordially invited to call on the house of Stephen F. Whitman & Son, S. W. corner 12th and Market Sts., Philadelphia, and secure some of their inimitably fine Chocolates, Bonbons, or Confections, for families or friends. Manufacture and Pavilion, Machinery Hall, Exposition Grounds, American Department.

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Mr. Monfort's Reply to Inquirers.
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W. R. PATTON, M.D.
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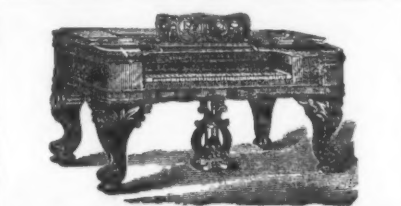
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